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LOOKING INTO THE LAWN GLOBE, AND WHAT THEY SAW THERE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

LOOKING INTO THE LAWN GLOBE.

THE lawn globe is a source of great amusement when one is in the temper to be amused with trifles, like the group of laughing holiday excursionists in Mr. CHURCH'S humorous picture on our first page this week. What comical and grotesque distortions the innocent-looking ball of polished metal can present! As you walk up to it you see a beautiful reflection of the surrounding landscape, and your own figure in just proportion to other objects; but if, wishing to take a closer view, you approach too near the shining deception, your curiosity will be rewarded by the sight of the most amusing monstrosities, like those so admirably and humorously depicted by our artist.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1873.

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive gratuitously a beautifully illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing a magnificent double-page engraving, entitled "SCANDAL," from the painting by Mr. G. A. STOREY in the Royal Academy of England; stories, poems, and other literary and pictorial attractions.

LORD LYTTON'S new Novel, "THE PARISIANS," will be continued in HARPER'S WEEKLY for July 19.

An illustrated EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT will also be sent out gratuitously with the next Number of the WEEKLY.

REPUBLICAN REFORMS.

AS the autumn elections approach, the Republican party, having accomplished its most pressing duty of establishing the Constitution and the Union, is prepared to give its chief attention to the labors of reform. From its teachings, indeed, has already sprung up a rapid improvement in the moral condition of the nation. It has taught and enforced political equality every where; it has done much to break down those barriers of caste and of personal distinctions which not many years ago seemed about to overpower the primitive idea of republican unity, upon which our institutions are founded; it has driven from power all those who would revive among us the European notion of the necessary inferiority of any particular class of the people; it has inculcated the necessity and the dignity of labor, and bound the whole nation together in a common fraternity; it appeals to the principle of community as the true source of national progress, and has blended the thirty-nine millions of varied races and fortunes who occupy our prosperous territory in one broad, free, and united commonwealth.

Had the designs of its opponents succeeded, it is easy to see that no peace would ever have visited the divided people. We were threatened with the harsh tyranny of an aristocratic Democracy in the South; with the imperious dictation of their allies at the North; with the swift rise of a foreign influence in our chief cities, founded upon ignorance and tainted with European follies; with the exorbitant demands of a foreign priesthood, and the prospect of a ceaseless struggle between rival races and creeds. The dangers we have escaped can not be too highly estimated; the good sense of the majority of the people, which crushed them almost at their birth, can not be too often acknowledged. Amidst the clamors of a thousand scandal-mongers, the united assaults of a foreign press upon our most eminent men, the gross calumnies of the Cincinnati *Telegraph*, the keener thrusts of the *Univers* or the London *Tablet*, the people clung to their Republicanism, and shattered the hopes of European reactionists and their transatlantic admirers. Never, we believe, was Republicanism more truly the faith of the vast majority of the nation than now, when it has leisure to enter unimpeded upon a series of internal reforms.

The Republican party has, in fact, ceased to be a separate political organization, and embraces all who, under any name or creed, desire the perpetuation of freedom and the equal rights of all. Many of its founders were known as Democrats, others by different party names. It is hostile to no sect, except where a sect endangers the peace of the nation, nor to any race that is loyal to freedom. It embraces all who are the friends of reform, education, the development of the national resources, of industry, peace, and general ease, and hence from its action alone can come those further improvements in political morality and public honesty that are demanded by the progress of knowledge. It has overthrown that great centre of immoral influence which, under the honorable name of Democracy, preyed upon the city and State of New York, and spread its malarious taint over the elections of every part of the Union. It has repressed cruelty and barbarism at the South. It offers security to the immigrant, and the means of free communication to the farmers of the West. It has reduced the national taxes, yet scrupulously preserved the financial honor of the nation. It has pledged itself to purify elections, elevate the character of its public servants, extend the influence of the civil service reform, and place in office those only who are competent and trustworthy. Nor, we believe, will any one who compares the prosperous condition of our own country with the less advanced progress of all others fail to see that Republicanism, although sometimes embarrassed by the common frailties of human nature, and sometimes erring in the choice of its representatives, has already repaired to a wonderful degree the necessary evils of a period of disorder, has awakened a higher sense of public morality, laid the foundations of a more thorough education of the whole people, promoted all industrial pursuits, and raised the community to a condition of general prosperity, toward which all other nations have yet to make their way in the path in which it has gone before.

To hope for any honest projects of reform, therefore, from the political factions and leaders who have been the constant enemies of Republicanism is idle. Experience has shown their falseness. We have Democratic conventions assuming the name of Reformers in Ohio, and Liberal Republicans claiming to guide the policy of Pennsylvania. But the people will trust neither faction. They have seen the Liberal Republicans engaged in a plot to carry the elections at the South by violence; rejoicing over the persecutions of white and colored Republicans in Georgia or Louisiana; exultant over the misdeeds of their cruel oppressors. They have heard the cry of the victims of the Liberal Republicans, and will redress their wrongs. There can be no honesty with those who have a share in such crimes. That the Democracy should prosecute any just reform is impossible. Its whole strength lies in that portion of the foreign vote which is plunged in ignorance and ruled by a foreign priesthood, and in that portion of the Southern vote whose violence has sullied the fame of freedom. Its triumph would mean death to public honesty and national education. We suspect the people mean to take the labor of reform into their own hands, and that they will perfect it by enforcing those principles that form the basis of progressive Republicanism. The Republican conventions of New Hampshire and of Iowa have led the way in arousing the national conscience, and there is something of the freshness of a new impulse in the demand from the Northwest that every honest citizen should take part in politics, and every Republican become a reformer.

INTIMIDATED EDUCATORS.

The Board of Education has met again. Little was said at the meeting, and less that was useful done. The thunders of the Vatican seemed to hang over the silent members. The alarming spectre of a whole enraged priesthood seemed to subdue the fancies of the majority. They conferred in whispers, and heard anathemas in every sound. When Mr. Commissioner CUSHING rose to urge a bolder policy, to demand the dismissal of the clerk and all the doubtful officials, to open a period of vigorous reform in all the departments of education, he was met by a sullen refusal on the part of the intimidated majority. One member of the board, Mr. TOWNSEND, who is reported to have confessed at a former meeting his fear of the clamor of the priests, now expressed his open disgust for the whole effort for reform. He was tired, he said, of the constant agitation; the matter had been settled at a previous meeting; it was useless to agitate it again. Seven members voted with Mr. CUSHING for the reform measures, eight, including President NEILSON'S casting vote, for retaining the clerk, and the Roman Catholic intrigues may be said to have finally triumphed in stopping, at least for some months, the necessary changes in the management of the Board of Education.

But if this want of manly courage is to prevail in our chief literary department; if, as Mr. TOWNSEND confesses, the Commissioners are afraid to offend the ruling sect; if they retain officials who are notoriously unfit for office to satisfy the jealousy of the Romish priesthood—it is quite certain that the non-sectarian portion of the population will soon prove to them that they have more decision. They, at least, are determined that the public schools shall no longer remain under the direction of the foreign clergy. We believe that a large majority of our people, of every race and creed, are resolved to stop the meddling of the Romish priesthood with the public schools. The people want in their Board of Education men who are resolute to do right in defiance of any clerical influence. They want Commissioners who are incapable of intriguing for the Roman Catholic or any other vote, and men of sufficient intelligence to disregard the clamors and detect the subtle policy of the enemies of the public schools. We think that Mr. CUSHING and the minority of the board have already won the sympathy of the larger part of our citizens, and that the time is near when the schools of New York will be as wholly freed from the interference of the foreign priesthood as are those of Austria, Italy, or Prussia.

The contest in our Board of Education involves this single question. It is to decide whether it will govern its proceedings to suit the wishes of the Romish clergy, or whether it will consult only the interests of education and reform. Thus far, the priesthood have succeeded in their aim of ruling the Commissioners. But their success must now make the question a political one, and the most important of all. It must be determined, not in the Board of Education, but at the polls, and we are convinced that our citizens will unite, without distinction of party, sect, or creed, to give so great a majority in favor of non-sectarian education—to confine the priesthood to their proper sphere—as will show all future public instructors that they need neither tremble nor cringe before the arts of Jesuitism.

CHEAP FREIGHTS AND FARES.

THE project of a direct freight railway from New York to Chicago is discussed in the newspapers of the latter city, and the Chicago Board of Trade has prepared a memorial on the subject to be presented to Congress. It suggests that the railway should be built by the aid of the national government, but should not be managed by government officials. The cost of a double track is estimated at $150,000,000. We have often suggested and pressed the advantages to all parts of the Union of such a means of internal communication. It would tend to produce cheap food, cheap coal, and a more frequent intercourse between every section. Two or three grand national highways penetrating the West and South, running at cheap rates, and designed finally to be practically free to all, would do more for the general welfare of the country than politicians have imagined or reformers devised. They would carry with them intelligence and the common school, immigration and cheap labor, the spread of a new population over Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee, the discovery of fresh fields of agriculture in the South, and the opening of the vast granary of the Northwest. They would diminish the cost of living on the sea-board, and increase the revenue of every farmer in the interior.

To the proposition that the national government should aid or perhaps build such railways it is objected that the tendency to centralization is already too great, and that the political influence of the Administration would be improperly enlarged by the control of a series of roads and railway officials; that building railways is beyond the province of the state, and should be left altogether to private enterprise. But it may be shown that scarcely one of our canals or railroads has or could have been built without either State or national aid; that the principle is well settled among us that the government is only the representative of the whole community, and may well be called upon to execute the public works necessary for the convenience of all its people. It is a not uninstructive fact that the English Government, conscious of the injustice of permitting the national highways to remain in the hands of private speculators, already proposes to buy up all the Irish railways, and that a large party in England is pressing the Government to purchase all the English roads, and manage them for the interest of the public. It is found that the system of private competition tends only to the embarrassment of trade and the establishment of troublesome monopolies.

Another objection to the proposed plan, which has been urged by the Chicago *Tribune*, a paper supposed to be not altogether free from railroad influence, and also by the New York *Evening Post*, is that an intense opposition to any new railway route would be excited in all the existing companies; that Congress would be made the scene of a violent struggle against it; that bribery would be used; and, as we are told by the *Evening Post*, "the railway companies already in existence will not stand idly by and see so large a share of *their* business pass out of their hands." The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, which favors the new road, suggests that it is the notion that the business is *theirs* that marks the dangerous monopoly of the companies, and that the business will belong to them only so long as they may deserve it. The Chicago *Times*, which was never particularly loyal, thinks that Congress will be purchased by the rival lines, that every Legislature is venal, that the new project will be the signal for a wide scene of corruption, and that every Representative will be assailed by a new tempter. But we believe that the majority of the people have no such abject fear of the railway managers, or any doubt of the honesty of their Representatives. They mean to send to Congress men whom no railway company can bribe, to remove from Congress all who yield to temptation. Fortunately the influence of the common schools and the general morality of our industrial classes will provide honest Representatives in every portion of the country.

It also urged, with much apparent force, that if Congress lends its aid to one or more railways, it will be a precedent for endless claims, that sectional jealousies will be aroused, and that every part of the country will demand the support of the government for its necessary roads. Yet it may be replied that it is only upon a few extended and important routes that this support is absolutely needed, and that one or two grand trunk lines, penetrating to the West or South, are all that can properly seek government aid. A new avenue to the Northwest is demanded by the whole food-producing portion of the Union. The interests of the whole country require that a perfect communication should be opened from the sea-board to Minnesota. The commerce of every Eastern city is threatened by the rival railway route projected by the Canadian Government from Chicago to Halifax; and there is a plain danger that English enterprise may divert a large share of our trade. The new route would, therefore, be a national rather than a sectional advantage. That a grand trunk railway penetrating the cotton and agricultural districts of the South is scarcely less desirable might be readily shown. That the government should own or control the chief highways of the nation, and manage them for the convenience of the people, seems proved by the experience of all other countries as well as our own. The introduction of railways has not changed the principle that the avenues of commerce and travel, the sources of the prosperity of every nation, should never be taken from the control of the whole community.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTIONS.

CONSTITUTIONAL Conventions are sitting in two of the chief States of the Union, States whose boundless material and mental resources make them already centres of the world's progress, and communities greater and more eminent in all peaceful and honorable arts than was Athens in the height of its power, or Florence under LORENZO. To make laws for Pennsylvania or Ohio is to provide for the welfare or the deterioration of a large part of mankind. Such communities can not, indeed, be ruined by bad legislation. They can not trust wholly to good. The people will care for themselves, however their lawgivers may err; but yet there can be no doubt that a just constitutional reform should tend to soften the burdens of the great body of the people, to check public robbery, and diminish or remove taxation, to enlighten, instruct, and refine. Those who recall ARISTOTLE'S politics will remember what an infinite variety of constitutions prevailed among the free cities of Italy and Greece; how they labored to define laws that should give prosperity to all the people, but seem never to have attained them; how no state seems to have carried into action the principle of human equality. There was always a caste somewhere. There was always some privileged order, some dangerous isolation; and the innumerable constitutions were tainted at their birth. They soon sank into ruin.

What the lawgivers of Pennsylvania and Ohio have, no doubt, learned from the errors of ARISTOTLE and of the past is that there should be no privileged order. There should be no literary class ruling over an uncultivated class; no wealthy oligarchy purchasing the votes of the many; no clerical order, rich, powerful, and imperious, corrupting the principles of freedom; no military nor political tyranny. Every constitution should provide for universal equality in education and industrial progress, in the right to labor and the right to vote. And here we have a clear principle from which to form every new constitutional provision: whatever tends to produce equality among the people is the proper rule of legislation. It is plainly, therefore, the duty of every Constitutional Convention to provide for and insist upon the general education of all the citizens; for in this way only can the extremes of ignorance and of knowledge be prevented. It should forbid the accumulation of wealth in the hands of any order of priesthood; for

nothing is more fatal to popular equality and personal independence than the influence of an opulent clergy unrestrained by the control of the laity. And every sect should be ruled upon the principles of republicanism. It must secure the purity of elections by a careful registration law, by the punishment of bribery, and the prevention of even the effort to corrupt the voter. It should hold a rigid control over corporations, and secure the public highways and water-courses from the avarice of private speculators. It should preserve liberty of speech and of the press by so amending the law of libel as to make the writer or the speaker free to tell the truth. No secrecy should be countenanced that may cover up crime, no revelations forbidden that may be useful to the public. Taxation should be so regulated as to reach all the property of the community; and there seems no sufficient reason to exempt religious or educational institutions from their proper share of the burdens of the state. The principle of equality demands that there should be no privileged class.

Our free government is the result of the careful study of history and of the accurate comparison of the effects of political institutions in all past ages. We have founded a republic which we believe will exist and flourish long after the less intelligent systems of government have fallen into ruin. The American President will rule over a prosperous and peaceful community when BOURBONS and HAPSBURGS, popes and prelates, have sunk before the rising intelligence of the people. Those who make our constitutions, therefore, should exhibit a manly courage proportioned to the permanence of their labors. They should fear no man, no sect, no lingering prejudice or foreign superstition, and we trust the new constitutions of Ohio and Pennsylvania will strike off every impediment in the path of popular equality. It will be found necessary at last to render the laws of all the States as nearly alike as possible. It would be well for the two most populous States of the Union, save one, to so reform their institutions as to make them models for all the others.

WARD'S ISLAND CHAPEL.

WARD'S ISLAND is the almshouse of the Emigration Commission. Here all the sick, the destitute, and the lunatic of the emigrant host are cared for, and, we trust, properly tended. The expenses of the island are paid out of the emigration fund, and consume a large part of the income of the Commission. It happens that nearly three-fourths of the objects of its charity belong to the Roman Catholic persuasion, although the majority of the immigrants are of a different faith, and the fatal results of the want of education and of the low state of morals among the European Catholics are nowhere more apparent than in the varying population of this little island. We might suppose that in this abode of charity and of human suffering the fires of religious discord might cease, and that adversity would produce a happy union of all contending creeds. Yet the very opposite is the case. The recent Emigration Board was controlled by a large Roman Catholic majority; its president was a Catholic, its clerk or secretary was a Catholic; nearly all the officials, nurses, physicians, keepers, were of the same persuasion; the funds of the Emigration Commission were chiefly expended for the maintenance of foreign Catholics, and the business of proselytism, it is asserted, was keenly prosecuted by an active priest who had the care of souls on the island of shelter.

Of the mismanagement and abuses that attended the recent Emigration Commission the public has heard enough. It has passed away with the rest of the corrupt boards. But it left behind it an apple of discord sufficient to disturb the patience of its successors. Not content with expending the larger part of its funds in supporting the poor of its own sect, it resolved, in the moment of its unrestrained power in 1870, to build a costly Roman Catholic chapel on the island with the moneys gathered from the emigrants of every creed. Thirty-five thousand dollars were liberally voted for the purpose. One Commissioner, Mr. WILLY WALLACH, vigorously resisted the illegal expenditure; he was overborne by a large majority. A fine stone chapel was built, and the Commissioners, when they found their term of power was approaching an end, hastened to complete the building and furnish it with all the appliances of worship. There was no necessity for a new chapel. The Roman Catholics were already provided with a large upper room, handsomely decorated, and much more commodious than that appropriated to the Protestants; but priests and Commissioners, proud of their achievement, occupied the building, and now defy the new board to disturb them in the enjoyment of what can scarcely be said to have been honestly obtained.

This is the cause of the recent controversy on the island. The new Commissioners urge that as the chapel was built from the common fund, the larger part of which is paid by Protestants, the chapel should be used by both denominations, and should supply all the wants of every sect. The priest rejects the proposition with zealous indignation. He declares that his denomination is not a sect, but the only visible Church; that it can not consent to worship in the same building with any other. The opinions of notorious or eminent lawyers have been procured sustaining the demand of the priest to have his separate chapel. The old Commissioners defend their pious fraud. Yet we think the public will scarcely yield to their argument. That their denomination produces the most objects of charity is no reason for indulging it in additional expenses. It should make it moderate its demands. The emigration fund was never designed to be employed in building costly chapels for any sect. It is dedicated to the relief of the suffering. But the chapel is built, and the wisest method of stilling the controversy is that suggested by the new board. Let the building be the common property of both creeds. In Germany and Switzerland, we believe, it is not unusual for both Catholics and Protestants to worship alternately in the same sacred edifice. And nowhere could a similar example of toleration and of good feeling be set more appropriately than among the suffering population of Ward's Island.

PERSONAL.

KING OSCAR, the newly crowned sovereign of Sweden and Norway, while speaking in a kindly and complimentary manner to the correspondent of the New York *Herald* of M. PAUL B. DU CHAILLU, was pleased to express his royal concern for the safety of that celebrated traveler and author, from whom he had received no intelligence since parting with him early last winter, when M. DU CHAILLU was on his way to the extreme north of Scandinavia. Our readers will be glad to learn that there is no occasion for anxiety in regard to his safety. A letter recently received by his publishers, Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, dated at Karosjök on the 1st of May, brings assurances of his perfect health, and gives a glowing account of his journey thither from Stockholm, and the beauty and grandeur of the scenery through which he passed. Karosjok is a little village in Finland, situated on a river of the same name, about 69° 20′ north latitude. The journey thither from Stockholm was performed in sledges drawn by reindeer, and in the course of it the adventurous traveler crossed many frozen rivers and lakes, passed over great mountain ranges, and through immense forests. Notwithstanding the inevitable hardships and exposures of the journey, M. DU CHAILLU enjoyed excellent health, and was in the best of spirits. He has collected great quantities of rare material for his next work, which he expects to have ready early in the coming fall. The little folk also, whom he never forgets or neglects, may expect a rare treat in the shape of a volume written especially for their delight, in which the story of his wonderful reindeer journey, the strange sights he has seen, the people he has met, and the curious manners and customs he has observed in Norway, Sweden, Lapland, and Finland, will be described. DU CHAILLU was born to be a traveler, and is one of the favored few who have not missed their vocation.

—HENRY WATTERSON, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, has begun writing for that paper from London some of the drollest, Kentuckiest letters ever printed in a newspaper. Already has he demonstrated that the American citizen would famish in Europe, and that the average Blue-grass farmer would starve in London. He was talking the other day to CHARLES READE, the novelist, about going to America, who said, "I dare not think of it." "Why not?" demanded the bold WATTERSON. "Well," said he, "in the first place, I can't drink nor smoke, and I should not get on very well with the natives. Next, I have a weakness for high living, and you Americans have such an awfully jolly lot of good things to eat that I'm afraid I should cram myself to death."

—President M'COSH, in his Baccalaureate sermon on the 22d ult., was enabled to make a statement for Princeton College which could be made by no other college president in this country or abroad, viz., that the amount of individual donations to the college during the last four years had reached the superb aggregate of $822,700. During this period the college has reared at great expense six new buildings, which are remarkable in architectural beauty and interior arrangement. Of the above amount $320,000 were given by JOHN C. GREEN.

—Not long before the decease of the late Dr. R. J. BRECKINRIDGE, Sen., he remarked that "the reunion of the Presbyterians would take place after the Lord takes me to heaven and sends Dr. STUART ROBINSON back to Ireland." The prophecy is nearly fulfilled. Dr. BRECKINRIDGE is dead; Dr. ROBINSON is on the wing for Ireland, and the reunion of the churches seems to be near.

—Geography is a good thing. We notice in the St. Louis *Globe*, of June 18, a paragraph saying that "General F. P. BLAIR is at Clifton Springs, *near West Point*," and getting better. Something equally geographical occurred to S. S. COX when he was last in Spain. He was introduced to a Spanish hidalgo, who said, "Ah, you are from America! I'm so glad to meet you. I have a brother living there, and am pleased to see a gentleman who lives so near him." "Where does your brother reside?" asked Mr. COX, sympathetically. "In Brazil!" replied the Spanish man, and asked S. S. C. to give him his love when he returned.

—Mr. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, of this city, has been honored, and very justly honored, by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—that society having voted to him a superb testimonial, which has just been finished by TIFFANY & CO., viz., a silver vase, eighteen inches high, exquisitely designed and executed. Mr. GERRY is the proper man to be counsel of such a society, and to receive such a testimonial. To fine legal and literary attainments he adds an industry which is seldom found in a young gentleman of ample fortune and historic family. He comes of the best stock. His grandfather, ELBRIDGE GERRY, after graduating at Harvard one hundred and twenty years ago, entered the Legislature of Massachusetts at the age of twenty-eight; was subsequently elected to Congress; at thirty-two was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; was Minister to France in 1797; Governor of Massachusetts in 1810, and elected Vice-President of the United States in 1812, when Madison was chosen President.

—In the death of Mr. SAMUEL BURNHAM, which occurred June 22, at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the Boston newspaper press have sustained a severe loss. Mr. BURNHAM graduated at Williams College in 1855, and immediately become a frequent and valued contributor to the press. He held the editorship of the *Congregationalist* for three years, and at the time of his death was literary editor of the *Watchman and Reflector* and editor of the *Congregational Quarterly*, besides being one of the most highly esteemed editorial writers in the Boston *Advertiser*. Several years since Mr. BURNHAM edited a history of East Boston. He has also prepared a full history of the "Old South Church," at Boston, and prepared for the press a complete edition of the works of CHARLES SUMNER, which is now in course of publication. Mr. BURNHAM was a careful and able literary worker, and a most cultivated and genial gentleman. The religious press of Boston will especially miss his sprightly contributions. The story which we copy on another page this week, from the columns of the *Watchman and Reflector*, entitled *A Ten-cent Story of a Bazar*, is probably the latest production of this genial and accomplished writer.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER, in one of his half-holy, half-humorous talks recently, said he had great hope of a wicked man, slender hope of a mean one. A wicked man may be converted and become a prominent saint. A mean man ought to be converted six or seven times, one right after the other, to give him a fair start and put him on an equality with a bold, wicked man.

—Rear-Admiral HENRY KNOX THATCHER, grandson of General HENRY KNOX, of Revolutionary fame, has presented to the New England Historical Society six volumes of autograph letters of General KNOX, General WASHINGTON, and others. They are said to possess great value, and much surprise was expressed that so valuable a collection had so long remained outside of the historical societies of the country. Few of them have ever been printed, and some throw much light on the history of that period.

—The force of habit in a newspaper man has a fresh interpretation in the experience of a reporter on the Worcester *Gazette*, who writes a love story in which the hero "clasped the prepossessing girl to his bosom, and spoke substantially as follows—"

—Governor JEWELL, our first diplomatic tanner, is bending his energies to the attainment of French, and asseverates that he will hold sweet discourse in that language before he gets to St. Petersburg, "or bust." The New Orleans *Times* tenderly hopes that he will not "bust," but "preserve his integumentous integrity and be an ornament worthy of his name to the diplomatic service of his country." In that aspiration we join. "Integumentous integrity" is good.

—Good folk of Boston have sent to the Rev. Mr. ANCIENT $557 37, with a request that he should keep one-half himself and divide the remainder among those most active in saving life at the wreck of the *Atlantic*.

—The Shah of Persia is having great joy in London. Apparently they can't do too much for him. In his own country he is called by the compound title of Padishah, signifying prince or ruler. Speaking of titles, HENRY VIII. was the first King of England who adopted the title of "Majesty." Before his reign the sovereign was usually addressed "My Liege" and "Your Grace." "Excellent Grace" was given to HENRY VI.; "Most High and Mighty Prince" to EDWARD IV.; and "Highness" to HENRY VII. FRANCIS I. addressed King HENRY as "Your Majesty" at their interview in 1520.

—In Mr. THOMS's book on *Longevity*, just issued, doubt is thrown upon the claims to great age made by those who profess to be centenarians. Among those mentioned in this way is Captain LAHRBUSCH, of this city, who purports to be about 105 years old. Mr. THOMS says this name is very uncommon, yet a Lieutenant LAHRBUSCH of the Sixtieth foot, the regiment in which he claims to have served, was cashiered for getting into some scrape in 1819, and if he is identical with Captain L., of New York, he can scarcely be a hundred, for the cashiered LAHRBUSCH, writing in 1846 to the War-office on the subject of his services, pleads as an excuse for the conduct which led to his removal, "youthful errors;" and if identical with the LAHRBUSCH in New York, then youthful errors must have been committed at fifty-two! Mr. THOMS laid insurance offices under contribution, but although many of them produced instances of cheats deep in the nineties, he could not find any centenarians. The result of the inquiries of Mr. BAILEY, of the London Assurance office, was "that in the entire experience of the life assurance companies of England there had been but one instance of a centenarian."

—Captain SEMMES, known to fame as commander of a gondola in the Confederate service called the *Alabama*, was recently a guest at a wedding in Newburyport, and met several persons in that fine old place whose vessels he had destroyed, but there didn't seem to be much gush at making his acquaintance.

—HORACE WHITE, the managing and controlling mind of the Chicago *Tribune*, is described as "a placid, taciturn gentleman, who believes that a newspaper should print the plain truth in good English, and let the truth take care of itself." It is a very able and honest paper, and has, consequently, a great many enemies in Chicago. Ditto friends.

—At the recent dinner of the Royal Literary Society, at which Mr. GLADSTONE presided, Mr. TOM TAYLOR, the eminent dramatist, said that during his twenty-two years of official life his literary work was chiefly done in "the invaluable three hours before breakfast." Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, a prominent post-office official, does his action work in the same way. And the writer of these "personals," acting on the same "early to rise" and "the early bird that knows its own father" principle, finds that brilliancy always precedes the morning chop, and that "personals" are best done when done before going down town to the peaceful and ennobling pursuits of avarice.

—Concerning GAMBETTA and France, Editor WATTERSON, of Louisville, says that "the republic in France is a success, and GAMBETTA the winning horse for the long run. He is the coming man. The faction fight that is going on among the monarchists will in the end prove fatal to them. GAMBETTA has brains and daring, and more than this, he represents the natural aspirations of the present age, of the present generation of Frenchmen, and if he lives he is sure to win."

—Mr. CHARLES READE has had another triumph over "mine enemy" of the London *Morning Advertiser*, in which he recovered $1000 damages. Mr. Justice KEATING, in delivering th judgment of the court, held that the defendant, in declaring the plaintiff's play "indecent," had gone beyond the limits of fair criticism. The damages certainly were very high, but the law invested the jury with the power of saying what the damages should be, and the courts were very reluctant to interfere unless they discovered that the jury had gone on a wrong principle. This did not appear in the present case, and therefore the verdict would stand.

—Madame LUCCA has just obtained in the Supreme Court of this city, Judge INGRAHAM presiding, a divorce from her husband, Baron Von Rhade. Among other impolite, not to say wicked, proceedings alleged and proved against that naughty baron were, "living a profligate life, and squandering the plaintiff's earnings in riotous living, and that he was a habitual gambler." Madame LUCCA is awarded the custody of her child, and may enter into holy matrimony again the very minute she finds a lovable and correct party.

—In the very elaborate speech delivered by Prince BISMARCK in the German Parliament on the 17th of May, he denied that England or Russia sympathized with the ultramontane party. Even England, he said, recognized that ultramontanism was rendering constitutional government in Ireland impossible. The whole of civilized Europe, he asserted, agreed with the views entertained by him respecting the hostility to the civil government which characterized the conduct of the ultramontane party.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

JESSE R. GRANT, the President's father, died June 29 at his residence in Covington, Kentucky. He was in his eightieth year.

A collision occurred a few days ago between two excursion trains on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, near St. Louis, by which thirteen persons were injured. Upward of 2000 passengers were on the trains, and their escape from death was almost miraculous.

Wagner, the Smutty Nose Island murderer, made his escape from the Alfred (Maine) jail June 25, but was recaptured.

A large pork-packing establishment in St. Louis was burned June 26, causing a loss of $400,000.

Albert H. Smith, the murderer of Charles D. Sackett, was executed in Springfield, Massachusetts, June 27.

Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, died at Florence, Italy, June 27, aged sixty-eight years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Shah of Persia has not yet finished his tour of pleasure. On June 23 he was honored by a naval review at Portsmouth, England, and on the day following a grand review of the troops took place at Windsor Park. On June 26 he visited Liverpool. The city of Paris having refused to pay the expenses of receiving him, he will be welcomed at Versailles.

The Parisian authorities have forbidden a public banquet which M. Gambetta proposed to give in honor of General Hoche.

M. Grévy has been called on by the Deputies of the Left of the French Assembly to draw up a platform of principles as a rallying ground for them. The National Assembly has annulled the election of M. Thurigny at Nievre.

An order by the Prefect of the Rhone prohibiting civil burials after 7 A.M. was the cause of a stormy debate in the National Assembly of France, June 25, and a motion to condemn him was rejected.

Ernest Lefevre and M. Raphael, members of the Commune, have been arrested by the police of Paris.

The conservative republican journal of Paris, *Le XIX. Siècle*, has been seized by the authorities.

Spain is still disturbed by the revolutionists. The Alcalde of Mara was shot recently by Saballs, the Carlist chief, because he failed to give notice of the approach of government troops. The Spanish ministry resigned June 24, Señor Castelar declaring that he accepted the responsibility of their acts. President Margall asked time to form a new cabinet. It is rumored that General Nouvillas has been captured by the Carlists. The Mayor of Malaga was killed during an outbreak June 26. The Spanish Colonial Department has in progress of preparation a bill for the abolition of slavery in Cuba without injuring the interests of owners.

Señor Rubio has been appointed the new "representative of Spain to England."

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain has departed from Rome, after making valuable presents to the Pope, and receiving his blessing.

The special Constituent Committee of the Cortes has framed a new constitution, by which the Cortes is to appoint a President of the republic, and confirm the ministerial nominations, the people to elect the House, and Provincial Assemblies the Senate.

In the German Parliament, June 24, the North Sea and Baltic Canal project was opposed by Ministers Delbruck and Von Moltke.

The German Parliament closed June 25. Prince Bismarck expressed the Emperor's regrets that he could not be present, because of illness, but declared him to be surely recovering.

An official telegraphic dispatch from General Kaufmann states that the capital of Khiva was occupied by the Russian forces June 10. The Khan fled to Youmando.

It is reported that twelve Turkish vessels have been sent to aid the King of Achen, and that the Dutch are inclined to a peaceful settlement of their differences.

Both the French and Austrian governments have sent friendly observations to Italy with reference to the execution of the law abolishing religious corporations.

The Turkish government has negotiated a temporary loan of $5,000,000 at seventeen per cent.

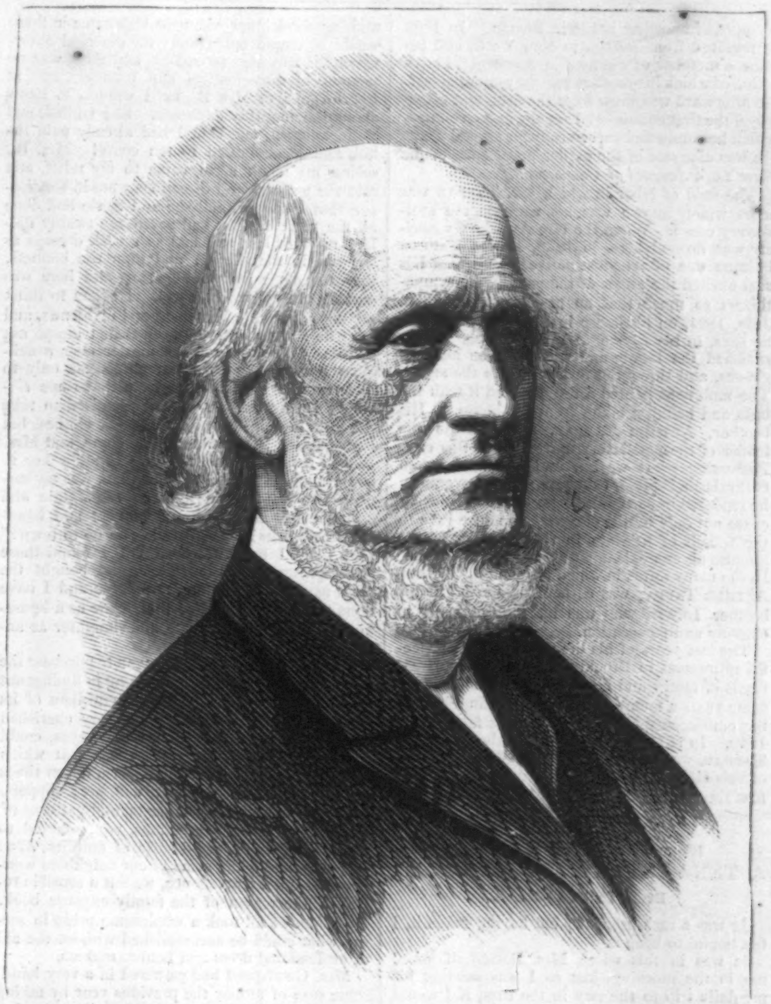
There is to be a legislative Congress elected in Japan, the building of the palace for the Mikado is to be suspended, farms are to be improved, and the farmers are recommended to use American agricultural implements.

The steamer *Great Eastern* has successfully completed the laying of the new cable, reaching Heart's Content June 27.

THE LATE HORACE F. CLARK.—Photographed by Gurney & Son.—[See Page 598.]

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT.—Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.—[See Page 598.]

THE LATE LEWIS TAPPAN.

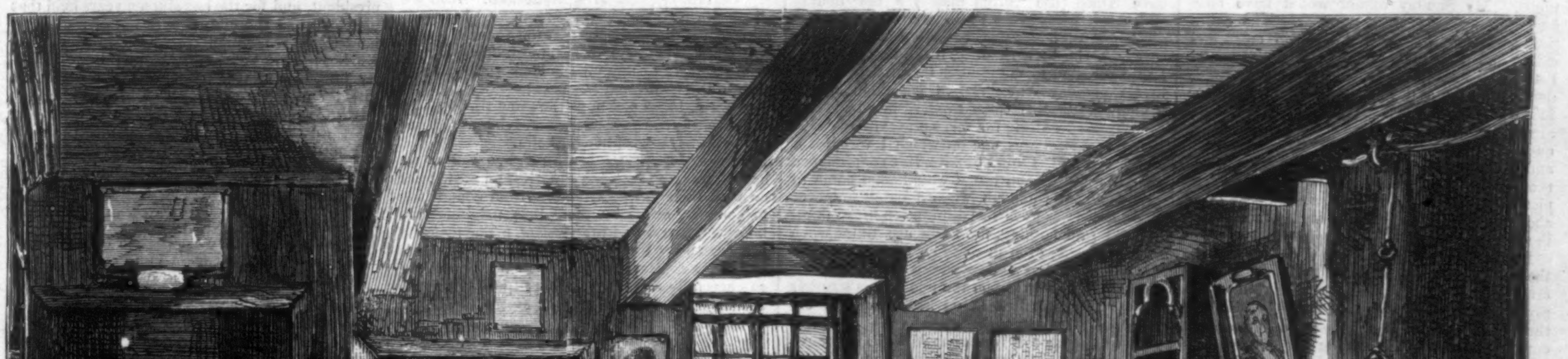


THE LATE DR. ISAAC FERRIS.—Photographed by Bogardus.—[See Page 598.]

THE LATE LEWIS TAPPAN.

Lewis Tappan, one of the pioneers in the movement for the abolition of slavery in this country, died on the 21st of June at his residence in Brooklyn. Mr. Tappan reached the ripe age of eighty-five years last May. Of late he had been suffering from paralysis, the third attack of which resulted fatally.

The deceased was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, May 23, 1788. He came of a family of good position in his native town, whose name had already been illustrated by men who bore it with dignity, virtue, and some show of renown. The Tappan family came from England, Abraham, the founder of the family in America, landing in this country from Yarmouth in 1637. Mr. Tappan received the usual town school education, and was accounted a quick, intelligent scholar. At sixteen he became an articled apprentice in a



WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Page 606.]

dry-goods importing house in Boston. In 1827 he removed from Boston to New York, and became a member of the firm of ARTHUR TAPPAN & Co., of which his brother was the senior partner. He afterward withdrew from the firm, and established the first commercial agency in the country, which he conducted successfully for several years. He was also one of the earlier proprietors of the New York *Journal of Commerce*.

The field of labor in which Mr. TAPPAN was most widely known was his work in the antislavery cause. When the city Antislavery Society was formed here, in 1833, LEWIS TAPPAN became one of its most active members. His zeal excited the anger of the pro-slavery sympathizers so much that an attack was made in July, 1834, on his house in Rose Street, where, he says, in his *Life of Arthur Tappan*, "They smashed the blinds and windows, the looking-glasses, and threw the furniture into the street. The mob next lighted a fire, and fed it with the beds and bedding taken from the house." His brother, ARTHUR TAPPAN, now became the leader of the antislavery movement in this city. Possessing great wealth, and sustained by an enthusiasm, superior calmness, and perseverance, he rendered important services to the antislavery cause not only by the encouragement he gave to the friends of freedom in this city, but by the impulse his example imparted to those elsewhere. In the many forms in which his zeal was evinced ARTHUR TAPPAN was earnestly seconded by his brother LEWIS, who was likewise exposed to obloquy and persecution.

The last years of his life were spent in peaceful retirement in Brooklyn, busied with private deeds of mercy and kindness. He has been for some years a member of Plymouth Church, having embraced the Congregationalist faith about 1840. In 1871, his Life of his brother, ARTHUR TAPPAN, was published by HURD & HOUGHTON, of this city; he was struck by paralysis for the first time just as he had sent the sheets to press.

[From the *Watchman and Reflector*.]

A TEN-CENT STORY OF A BAZAR.

BY PATER FAMILIAS.

IT was a rash promise; but having made it, I felt bound to keep it.

It was in this wise: Mrs. Betterhalf asked me in the morning, just as I was starting for my daily trip to the city in the cars, if I would bring her a copy of *Harper's Bazar*, naming, I think, the date, or the number, or some identifying mark. I hastily said yes; but no sooner was the word out of my mouth than I repented. But repentance was too late, for my wife had gone, and the cars were already trundling into the station-house. *Harper's Weekly* I knew all about. I never failed to buy it on Saturday night. My Sunday dinner would have been forgotten rather than this paper. The editorials were my literary and political meat and drink, and from the sentiments there advanced I took my weekly departures with serene confidence; for in a dozen years of acquaintance Mr. Curtis had never led me astray. He was always on the right side, morally, politically, and intellectually. And then Mrs. Betterhalf and Susie, my fourteen-year-old daughter, liked the stories, the smaller ones took kindly to the pictures (and so did we all), and thus it came about that the *Weekly* was a steady member of the family circle.

But the *Bazar* I had seen week by week on the news-stand. I had noticed the ruffles, bows, crimpings, lacings, flutings, flounces, and all the mysterious paraphernalia of a lady's wardrobe therein depicted. I had reached the solemn conviction that it was ruining the simple tastes and habits of the women, while depleting the pockets of the men. At night, when I took the train for home, I bought my evening paper and the inevitable *Weekly*. I then in a low voice asked for a *Bazar*. I felt half ashamed, for neighbor Goodspeed stood by, and both saw and heard. But I felt relieved when he said, "Mrs. Goodspeed says she can't keep house without the *Bazar*;" at which I wondered, for she was one of the smartest and most capable women in the village, and a notable domestic economist.

As usual, I read the daily paper in the cars, and after tea I took my *Weekly*, first giving the children a look at the pictures, and was soon oblivious to things external. Once in a while, however, I would glance sidewise at my wife and Susie, who in converse sweet were poring over the intricacies of the *Bazar*. Visions of all sorts of female extravagances danced before my eyes, although Mrs. Betterhalf was a model in all matters of domestic expenditure; still, I had put temptation in her way, and feared for the result. A few days passed on, and the *Bazar* had nearly faded from my mind, save for divers colloquies, and the unmistakable presence of paper patterns, disordered work-baskets, etc. I anticipated a domestic scene not far in the future, and had prepared myself to meet whatever of mental or financial misery my ten cents could procure. The crisis came on Sunday morning, as I was brushing my hat in the front doorway, while waiting for the family to join me for church. I heard an ominous rustling of new cloth and turning round, saw Susie and her mother arrayed in garments the names of which I could not then, nor can I now pronounce, but which told only too well of what the *Bazar* had accomplished! My business had been seriously interfered with by the Great Fire, and new dresses had been summarily put upon the forbidden list, and so when I saw the new clothes in what I presumed was the height of fashion, I felt a trifle disturbed. Mrs. Betterhalf and Susie looked as placid and happy as if I had never spent that unfortunate ten-cent currency. I said nothing, but had many thoughts, and the *Bazar*, the new dresses, and the sermon had about equal shares of my attention. I said nothing, for I knew when the bills came in there would be ample opportunity for practical observations. But days passed by, and there was no mention of dress-makers and milliners, and at last I spoke to Mrs. B., for I wanted to know about the monthly expenses. She smiled, and Susie laughed, and said I had already paid the bill, and it amounted to ten cents! Mrs. B., seeing my blank stare, came to my relief, and said the patterns and directions were in the *Bazar* that I bought, and she and Susie had done all the rest; in fact, had saved me twenty dollars, more or less, and had as stylish dresses as any one in the village; and then the bonnets, they too came from the *Bazar*, and here was another ten-dollar bill saved. I began to think my ten cents were bringing good dividends, and my wife and daughter enjoyed their triumph not a little. We discussed the matter over a delicious pudding, which I complimented, only to find that the receipt came from that same *Bazar!* Days went by. I had promised to take the little boys in town for some new clothes, but the right day had not seemed to come, and Mrs. B. had too much on her hands to allow her to leave home just then. What, then, was my surprise one Sunday morning to see Jamie and Johnnie dressed for church in neat and handsome new suits! "When did you go to town?" said I. "I have not been, but I found those sweet patterns in the *Bazar*, and bought the cloth at the village store, and Susie and I have done the rest!" I praised the *Bazar* as a household blessing, and my wife and daughter as angels, but not disguised.

It is needless to say that I began to purchase the *Bazar* regularly, and was not long in finding out that the reading matter was as excellent of its kind for family use as that in my cherished *Weekly*, and I, even with my male eyes, could see that on almost every page was that which was worth the price of the paper a dozen times over. It proved a family comfort; slippers, wrappers, household ornaments, and patterns of all kinds, receipts, suggestions, etc., adapted to all sorts of wants of all sorts of families, filled its pages, and while some of our neighbors wondered at our extravagance, we felt a sensible relief in the region of the family expense book. And then we all took a wholesome pride in seeing what could be accomplished without the aid of professional dress and bonnet makers.

Mrs. Goodspeed had gathered in a very handsome sum of money the previous year by taking a couple of city folks to board during the hot weather, although, as all said at the time, her new chamber set must have taken about all of it. We had a large chamber, but alas! not furnished as would be required by "city boarders." One morning I found Mrs. Goodspeed and Mrs. Betterhalf in close conversation, and as I was starting for the cars, Mrs. B. asked me if she could have Amos (the "hired man") a few hours, and also if I was going to do any thing with the great pile of boxes and barrels that filled one corner of the barn shed. To the first question I said yes, and to the second I said that on the first rainy day Amos should cut them up for "kindlings;" this pile, by-the-way, had for months been waiting for this same "rainy day," and the subject was one on which I was just a trifle sensitive. I knew by Mrs. B.'s countenance that the barrels and boxes would soon come to grief, and sure enough, when I came home at night there was a sensible diminution in the number. I said nothing, for there are times when silence is best, even in one's own house, neither did my wife; but as days passed on, and no new inroads were made upon the pile, I was strongly tempted to twit Mrs. B. on her dampened enthusiasm; I wisely refrained.

It was about this time that Mrs. B. accompanied me into town one morning, to make some purchases, or, in female phrase, "to go a-shopping." On the way she asked me what I thought about taking boarders; there was a Mr. So-and-so and wife, nice people, who would pay a good price. I told her that, aside from the additional work and care thrown upon her, I had no objection, only we had no proper chamber set, and I did not feel able just then to buy one.

"And so that settles it, does it?" said she. I replied that I supposed it did, and our conversation on that topic ceased. I thought no more about it, until one night Mrs. B. astonished me by saying that she had about concluded to take Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so to board for eight weeks. I laid down my knife and fork in astonishment, and looked first at my wife and then at Susie, and as I looked I saw that the "about concluded" meant "really decided." I had too much confidence in Mrs. B. to fear that she would commit any great blunder; in fact, her tact was better than my own, but the best sometimes blunder, and now, thought I, was her time.

After tea I was demurely invited to the guest-chamber, and on opening the door, I could hardly believe my senses! There was the room apparently elegantly furnished in a summer suite, handsome, tasteful, and, to my eye, even extravagant. There was nothing in it that I recognized but the carpet and bureau. There was a lounge, roomy and comfortable, stuffed chairs, ottomans, stools, wash-stand, mirror, curtains, all covered with the loveliest chintz, green and white, with occasional pink ornamentations, such as woman's wit alone can devise. Paper racks, hanging baskets, brackets, etc., added to the general effect, and I stood bewildered.

"What do you think of it?" said Mrs. B. and Susie.

"Elegant," said I; "but what about the expense? I can't enjoy it yet until I know more about it. Here has evidently been a large outlay of money, and I am at a loss what to say." I was sorry to dampen the ardor of my family, but it had always been my motto to keep within my means, and here, certainly, was a breaking of the rule. I added, as I sat down in a soft and easy arm-chair, "This chair alone could not have cost less than twenty dollars; and see that wash-stand, with its elaborate trimming, that lounge, those curtains, and all the other stuff" (I always say "stuff" when at a loss for a word); "all this cost of money. And where is it to come from?"

Mrs. B. did not feel as sober as I expected or hoped, and as for Susie, she laughed outright, while, as if to irritate me still more, the rough head of Amos appeared at the door in an inopportune moment.

"Come, my dear," said Mrs. B., "don't look so glum over it. This is all paid for."

"Paid for!" said I. "Where did the money come from? Are last month's bills skipped so that this room can be furnished?"

"Not so fast. I got this set where Mrs. Goodspeed got hers."

"That, then, is what you and she were in council about the other morning?"

"The very same; but really, all the money that this cost was the chintz and a few nails, screws and cords. Susie, Amos, and I are accountable for the rest. Lift up the flounce of that chair."

I did so, and saw what seemed to be a portion of a barrel.

"Take up the seat."

I did so, and there was a neatly lined box for odds and ends.

"Look at that expensive wash-stand!"

I did so, and as I moved to one side the hanging drapery, I saw an old dry-goods box on end, with the uncovered top toward the room, and a shelf nailed across the middle. A covered strip of board at the back, a little ruffling and feminine fixing, and there it stood in beauty. Above it was a cheap mirror, but so bordered with ruffling, etc., that it looked like an expensive one protected from the flies! The handsome heading over the window-curtains was a common lath wound with green and white, with a ruffle at the top. The ottomans were shoe boxes, starch boxes, etc., with hinged covers and stuffed tops, making very good seats. The lounge had given the most trouble, but Amos's ingenuity had fastened up a frame-work, and the women invented the dry-goods concealments. A table against the side of the room, pretty and genteel, displayed, on examination, similar rustic work. But I will not go into detail. The room was prettily furnished at a mere trifle of expense, and looked as well as if hundreds of dollars had been expended upon it.

"But where," said I, "did you learn to do all this?"

"The *Bazar* taught us. See here;" and the happy woman showed me a copy of the paper, with the pictures and the directions.

"And here is where Mrs. Goodspeed got her set, is it?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Betterhalf. And we all sat down and enjoyed the room, and I complimented the ladies, asked pardon for my doubts and fears, told them to become life subscribers to the *Bazar*, to buy all the back volumes, and go into the furnishing business generally. Mrs. Goodspeed happened in at the same time, rallied me on my extravagant wife, and related her similar experience with her husband.

My story is done. Mr. So-and-so came; we had a pleasant summer; my wife and Susie went on with their *Bazar* triumphs from conquering to conquer, and now the whole neighborhood takes the *Bazar* and the *Weekly*. The men and the women are in a state of chronic thankfulness to Harper & Brothers, and no money is paid out so cheerfully as that which is expended for the *Monthly*, the *Weekly*, and the *Bazar*.

THE LATE DR. FERRIS.

THE Rev. ISAAC FERRIS, D.D., LL.D., ex-Chancellor of the University of New York, of whom we give a portrait on page 597, died suddenly at his residence, Roselle, New Jersey, on the 16th of June. He was in the seventy-fifth year of his age when he was called away from this life. His demise will be deeply and widely regretted. By its occurrence New York loses one of its oldest and most respected citizens, and the cause of universal education a most earnest and able advocate.

ISAAC FERRIS was born in this city in October, 1798. His early education was in charge of BLIND NELSON, a famous classical teacher of the time, and he graduated from Columbia College in 1816. He went immediately to Albany, and accepted a position of teacher in the academy there two months before he was eighteen years old. During two and a half years he studied theology with Dr. JOHN MASON, and concluded his preparation for the ministry in the theological seminary at New Brunswick, New Jersey, in 1820. For a part of a year he acted as home missionary in the Mohawk Valley, then a sparsely settled region. He was pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church of New Brunswick, New Jersey, from 1821 to 1834; of the Middle Dutch Church, Albany, from 1834 to 1836; and of the Market Street Reformed Dutch Church in this city from 1836 to 1853.

In 1852 he was elected Chancellor of the University of New York, a position which he held until 1870, when his age warned him that he could no longer undertake such active duties. His pastorates were very successful. When settled in Albany he was trustee and president of the Albany Academy and the Albany Female Academy, and while pastor of the Market Street Church originated and established Rutgers Female Institute of this city, which was a great success, having over five hundred pupils.

The deceased was president of the New York Sabbath-school Union for about thirty-five years; a member and chairman of the Distributing Committee of the American Bible Society for about twenty-eight years; a member, president, secretary, and executive officer of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church for about forty years; and was a corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions during the latter part of the time in which the Reformed Church co-operated with that board as the representative of the denomination. During the past five or six years he has suffered from enlargement of a valve of the heart, and a few weeks since he was confined to his room from the effects of the disease, which at length carried him away.

THE LATE HORACE F. CLARK.

THIS gentleman, of whom we give a portrait on page 596, died in this city of rheumatism of the heart on the 19th of June. He was a distinguished member of the bar, a politician of mark and ability, and a financier of great address and enterprise.

He was born at Southberry, Connecticut, on the 29th of November, 1815, and consequently was but fifty-eight years old at the time of his death. He was first educated at Mount Pleasant Classical Institution, of Amherst. He afterward entered Williams College, and there graduated in 1833. In the fall of the same year he removed to this city, and commenced the study of law in the office of JONATHAN PRESCOTT HALL. In May, 1837, he was admitted to the bar, and in a very few years after, owing to his great perseverance and attention to his profession, he built up for himself a very lucrative business. It is said that as a lawyer he undertook and accomplished more real hard brain-work than any man of his age.

In 1848 Mr. CLARK married a daughter of Commodore VANDERBILT. He continued his practice in all its branches until 1856, when he became a member of the Thirty-fifth Congress, being elected on the Democratic ticket. He dissented, however, from BUCHANAN's administration with reference to the admission of Kansas. In the Thirty-fifth Congress he became a warm supporter of DOUGLAS's policy, and accepted the renomination from a split Democratic convention. He afterward ran on an independent ticket, and was elected by an overwhelming majority. In the Thirty-sixth Congress he served as Representative in Congress to the end of BUCHANAN's administration in 1861. He then resumed the practice of law, and in 1867 he became a director in the New York and Harlem Railway Company. From this period may be dated his active participation in railway enterprises, and he soon afterward became interested in a large number of railroad schemes.

Upon the consolidation of the various roads constituting the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company the deceased was elected president, and for the last sixteen years held that position. At the annual meeting of the stockholders in the Union Pacific Railroad held in Boston in 1872 he was elected by a large majority president of this road. He also became a director in the New York Central and Hudson River Company, the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Company, and a leading director in the Western Union Telegraph Company. He was also connected with a number of small railroads which acted as feeders to the principal lines with which he was engaged. He was a partner in a leading banking house, and a director of the Union Trust Company. In 1868 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him.

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT.

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT, whose fame as a railway king has become world-wide, was born in Loudon County, Pennsylvania, less than half a century ago, and now, in the prime of life, he stands foremost in the rank of engineers and diplomates who have indelibly written their names in the steam-railway history of this country.

His public career dates from his boyhood, when he selected the railroad as his future theatre. The State of Pennsylvania at that time built and operated railroads and canals, and at fifteen he was promoted from his active duties on the road between Philadelphia and Columbia (which latter place was the eastern terminus of the canal) to the responsible position of collector of tolls at Columbia. The construction of the Pennsylvania Central over the Alleghanies being completed, his skill as an organizer, his knowledge of men, by which he won their confidence and hearty co-operation in his labors, led to his selection as Superintendent of the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. While still a youth his continued successes as a ruler among men soon gave him the position of General Superintendent of the entire line, and from that hour new duties in enlarged spheres have been crowded upon him, until to-day he presides over sixty railroad companies, reaching south and west from New York and Philadelphia over 16,000 miles, and employing over 70,000 operators of various kinds. His wonderful administrative capacity and his liberal treatment of employés have been such that he has never had a strike on any of his lines, and probably no set of men engaged in any work in the country have so unbounded confidence and respect in their chief as have the battalions who are proud to serve under the banners of Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT.

In 1861, when the storm-cloud of war burst over the country, and the mustering and transportation of men and supplies became at Harrisburg an inextricable mass of confusion that arrested the marching of men to the front, Colonel SCOTT was sent for by Governor CURTIN, and, seated in the Executive Chamber, his marvelous energy and skill soon brought order out of chaos, and wrought a change that led President LINCOLN and Secretary CAMERON to

send for him, and install him at the War Department as Assistant Secretary of War, in charge of transportation and supplies. Soon the telegraphic wires reached from his desk to every camp, warehouse, and railroad station; rails went down through the streets of Washington and Baltimore, and the armed camp in front was given the connection with the sources of supplies that relieved the administration from a world of care and trouble, and enabled the great War Secretary to devote time to important matters of state. This led him, on Colonel SCOTT being summoned back to his railroad duties in Pennsylvania, so long neglected, to write him the following merited tribute:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., WAR DEPARTMENT, June 1, 1862.

"DEAR SIR,—In taking leave of you, in consequence of your resignation of the office of Assistant Secretary of War, it is proper for me to express my entire satisfaction with the manner in which you have discharged your duties during the whole period of our official relations. Those duties have been confidential and responsible, requiring energy, prudence, and discretion, and it gives me pleasure to say that to me you have proved to be in every particular an able and faithful assistant.

"Yours truly, EDWIN M. STANTON,
"*Secretary of War.*

"Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT."

After the battle of Gettysburg, when it became important to rapidly transport from Washington to Tennessee two whole army corps over a route exceeding a thousand miles long, Mr. LINCOLN again sent for Colonel SCOTT, gave him plenary powers, and in less than ten days twenty thousand men, with all their trains and supplies, reinforced the Army of the Cumberland, which movement, for rapidity and magnitude, has never been excelled in the annals of war.

Called to the presidency of the Union Pacific Railroad in its hour of trouble, he restored confidence to its securities by the use of his name and labors; and when he had the more fully learned the Western Territories, their wants and wonderful latent resources, he left the Union Pacific in the spring of 1872 to build the Texas Pacific, from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, over a route where there is always summer, a fertile country, low grades, and exhaustless mines of precious metals; and now, without calling on the public for a dollar, from his own resources and those of his own friends, who always follow where he leads, the close of this year will see built and equipped six hundred miles of the line, and the finest land grant secured with which any road was ever endowed in this country.

A portrait of Colonel SCOTT will be found on page 596.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE Pope has published his speeches, or rather it has been done for him by an Italian ecclesiastic, the Rev. DON PASQUALE DE FRANCISCIS. The speeches number two hundred and one, all delivered since the imprisonment in the Vatican. The editor calls the volume "a divine treasure." It has not been republished in the United States, but a review of it in an English journal finds in it such sentences as these: "Yes, my beloved, he that is with me is with God. If you are united with me, who am His vicar, you are united with God." In another passage he calls himself "the living Christ of the Church of God!" PIO NONO does not shrink from any of the logical consequences of the doctrine of papal infallibility.

Royalty is now enlisted in providing a sustentation fund for the poor curates of the English Established Church. The Marquis of Lorne and his wife, the Princess LOUISE, have written to the Archbishop of Canterbury proposing that the laity of the Church be asked to raise a sum large enough to provide each curate a living of at least $1000 per annum. The curates in England and Wales number 19,500. Of these the receipts of 2363 do not exceed $1500; of 1782, $1000; of 1854, $750; and of 1585, $500. Is it not a sarcasm to call the positions held by these men "livings?"

After a full discussion, the articles of union between the Canada Presbyterian Church and the Presbyterian Synod in connection with the Scotch Kirk were adopted in the Assembly of the former body by an almost unanimous vote. The name of the united Church will be the "United Presbyterian Church of British North America." The only point on which serious difference of opinion was expressed was the omission in the Articles of a deliverance upon the "Headship of Christ over the Nations." This difficulty was finally disposed of satisfactorily. The religious statistics of the Dominion were reported to the Assembly, and are valuable: "The total population of the four provinces of Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick is estimated to be 3,485,761. Of these 544,998 are Presbyterians, showing that Presbyterianism is professed by about one-seventh of the population. In the provinces of Ontario and Quebec the Canada Presbyterian Church is exceeded numerically by the Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, and Wesleyan Methodist bodies; but in the four provinces the relative numbers are as follows: Roman Catholic, 1,492,029; Methodist, 549,499; Presbyterian, 544,998; Episcopalian, 494,049." These are numbers of church population, not of communicants.

The General Synod of the Lutheran Church of the United States began its sessions on June 11 in Canton, Ohio. One hundred and fifty delegates, representing twenty Synods, were present. The proceedings were made memorable by the reception of delegates from the Presbyterian, Reformed, and Congregational churches. The Southern Lutheran Synod met at Salem, Virginia, May 22. The numbers of this Southern body were reported to be: ministers, 91; churches, 145; communicants, 11,765.

Some of the less known of the American churches have recently held annual conventions. The first week in June the Dunkers held their annual Conference in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. These primitive people practice in baptism a trine immersion, and are distinguished by a peculiar simplicity of dress. Between six and seven hundred delegates were present, representing the United States and British America. As it is the practice of the Dunkers not to build church edifices, the business meetings were held in a barn. A liberal provision was made for the entertainment of all who attended in an immense wooden pavilion. The Provincial Synod of the Moravian Church was held in Litiz, Pennsylvania, June 4. Three bishops were present. It was reported that the increase of communicants in the last six years had been thirty per cent. Eight churches have been erected since 1870.

The annual Conference of the Primitive Methodists of England began in London the first week of June. This Church is noted for its labors among the poor, and for its practice of holding open-air or camp meetings. The missionary contributions for the year were reported to be £32,257; the number of members was stated to be 160,658—a decrease of 806; ministers, 1005; local preachers, 14,751; chapels, 3797. The decrease was attributed to numerous removals. According to custom, a Conference camp-meeting was held in a meadow outside of the city. Fifteen thousand persons attended, who were addressed from three preaching stands.

The British and Foreign Unitarian Association held its annual meeting in London in the first week of June. Among the persons of note present were the Rev. JAMES MARTINEAU, and Professor BRACCIFORTI, of Milan, the translator of CHANNING'S works into Italian. It was stated that Unitarian works have been circulated among the Japanese, and also in India, Hungary, Germany, Italy, and France. A steady sale of Unitarian literature was reported. The proposal to erect an edifice in London, to be the head-quarters of Unitarians, was, after a long debate, rejected. The objection was made that such a building would be an endowment of Unitarian Christianity.

An article in the London *Daily Telegraph*, which is attributed to Archbishop MANNING, furnishes the latest statistics of Romanism in England. Romanism claims in England an archbishop and twelve bishops, thirteen cathedral chapters, thirteen dioceses with 1621 priests, 1016 churches and chapels, 16 colleges, 1000 schools, 10 contemplative convents, 1,500,000 members. This is not a very formidable array. The writer of the article, however, regards the prospects of Romanism in England as very hopeful.

The vacillating conduct of the Japanese government in relation to the suppression of the edicts against Christianity is well explained in a letter to the *Cumberland Presbyterian* from Osaka. About February last it was noticed that the edicts were quietly taken down from the public places. At the same time the following letter was sent by the Japanese Minister of State to the senior foreign minister, resident at Yokahama:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY,—With regard to the individuals who embraced the Christian religion, our government, desirous of doing away with customs which might offend the feelings of the foreign powers, had already, since last summer, secretly ordered the chiefs of *Fee* and *Ken* (cities and districts) to release arrests. From this moment the placards which have till now been affixed to the notice boards are withdrawn. On these placards was written the law which prohibited Christianity.

"You can communicate this to your colleagues, and the ministers of the other powers.

(Signed,) "TONA TOMI."

Soon after, however, proclamations appeared to the effect that the edicts against Christianity had been taken down *because the people universally knew them*. The reason given for this inconsistency is "that the government finds itself between two fires. On the one hand all the treaty powers demand the freedom of religious belief, and on the other hand is the danger of anti-progressive reaction among the people." The toleration of Christianity is, therefore, by no means firmly secured.

It turns out that the Bishop of Utrecht, whose decease has been announced, is VAN LOOS, the Jansenist, who was expected to consecrate Dr. REINKENS. His death occurred on the day of the election of Dr. REINKENS to the episcopacy. There are two Jansenist sees, Haarlem and Deventer. The Bishop of Haarlem is also deceased, and the Old Catholics must look to the Bishop of Deventer for the consecration of their bishop. They can, however, if they choose, obtain consecration from the bishops of the Greek Church.

The good work of fraternization between the North and South has reached the Methodists. A union love-feast was held by them on Sunday evening, June 22, in the First Southern Methodist Church, St. Louis. It is to the credit of laymen that the movement was begun by them. Members of the Church South proposed the meeting to members of the Northern Church, and after free consultation the invitation was accepted. For the honor of the Christian profession, as well as for the sake of the peace of our common country, such love-feasts should be made general.

Professor SEELYE, of Amherst College, whose visit to India we have already noticed, bears testimony to the insufficiency of secular education to break the chains of caste. He says: "There are literally tens of thousands of cultivated Hindoos who speak the English language with a general accuracy and purity seldom surpassed by those to whom it is the mother-tongue. Besides their acquaintance with English, they possess ripe literary culture in other fields. And these are the men who are pointed to as the brightest results of the English schools, and it is they who propose to regenerate India. Sad to relate, however, these cultivated, intelligent men are slaves to caste, and the prevailing vice of untruthfulness ever adheres to them. Caste is the bane of these gifted men, and, when one of them breaks his class connection his ostracism is of the most galling character. I came across one who had been for twenty years a faithful preacher of the Gospel. He told me something of his history. You have no idea of the terrible struggle a man has to undergo to break caste. With this man, his wife spat in his face, his children hooted him in the streets, his father and mother banished him from their house, all social distinction and commercial intercourse were shut from him, and every conceivable persecution was visited upon him by his former associates. The terrible nature of the struggle, as he related it to me, was appalling; the influences used to bring him back were terrible."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is coming, rapidly coming nearer. We perceive it in the very air; the topic is on every tongue; the sound of its approach vibrates on the ear. Newspapers need not announce its dangerous propinquity; there is no occasion to herald its arrival from the house-tops. Weeks ago the very boys in the street whispered of its fast-coming footsteps, and now they noisily shout its name on willing and unwilling ears. Do not be alarmed, reader; it is not the cholera of which we speak—it is only the "Glorious Fourth!" About four weeks ago a sudden explosion at our feet announced that the lengthened Fourth of July had fairly commenced. Since that time, at early dawn, at noonday, and at night, we have been incessantly warned of that anniversary whose culmination is so near. The squibs and crackers and torpedoes, which have snapped and fizzed in our ears these past weeks, would have extinguished patriotism in any but an American heart. But every true-born son—and daughter, in these days of "equal rights"—of America is expected to open not only patient but delighted ears to the ceaseless noise and clatter with which we celebrate our nation's Independence-day. Well, the sick and nervous and quiet-minded must endure. To them it seems strange that there is such delight in noise. But so it is. Boys are the same the world around, and by them no day is hailed with keener pleasure than is the Fourth of July. It matters not to them that it brings din and dust, smoke and rubbish, and they enjoy it to the uttermost in spite of burned fingers and scorched trowsers.

The American Public Health Association assures us that thorough cleanliness, an abundant supply of pure water, skillful disinfection, temperate habits, wholesome diet, and pure air are the trusted means of health and security in all places, and for all classes of people, when exposed to the infection of cholera. This so much dreaded disease is now pretty thoroughly understood, and by timely and intelligent means may be prevented, or controlled and extinguished.

Before the death of Baron Liebig there was considerable discussion in regard to the nutritive value of extract of meat. The views of the distinguished chemist on this point are of much interest. He places extract of meat under the head of nervous food, and with it tea and coffee. Extract of meat, as he regarded it, can not be called food in the ordinary sense of the word; but by its use we increase the working capacities of the body, and its power to resist injurious influences, and help to maintain health under unfavorable circumstances. Beef tea should be regarded as an auxiliary to food rather than an independent article of nutriment.

In 1864 the amount of foreign rice consumed in this country was 92,000,000 pounds; in 1870 it was only 28,000,000 pounds. The domestic crop is now estimated at about 75,000,000 pounds. It is believed that Louisiana and Florida will now take the lead in rice culture.

Down in sunless cellars, damp, filthy, and sickly, swarming with rats and vermin of various kinds, and malarious in the highest degree, live—if this can be called living—thousands of the poor of our great city. It is estimated that from fifteen to twenty thousand people in New York exist in under-ground residences. Many of these cellars are flooded by the high tides, all are low and dark, with scarcely a possibility of any fresh air finding entrance. They are, as has been truly said, "nests of fever and hot-beds of crime." Some of these wretched dens are free of rent; for others a very low rent is paid. For many years these cellar residences have been a growing evil, with which the city authorities have battled, but with only partial success. Recently the Board of Health has renewed its efforts to close these unwholesome places. Such a measure is attended with difficulties which few can realize. It seems hard to turn the miserable tenants even from such wretched and pestilential abodes; but if guidance is given those who are able to find better quarters, and substantial help to such as are helpless, vigorous measures would soon result in the physical and moral improvement of the whole community. Indeed, in a great city like this, sanitary laws must be enforced for the safety of the whole.

A curious point of law has been recently decided in a case in the Court of Queen's Bench, namely, that ladies who carry about a "missionary basket" are not peddlers within the meaning of the Hawkers' and Peddlers' Act. To be sure, the baskets contain under-clothing carried to the poor, and sold to them. But the ladies who carry them do not receive pay for making the garments, nor do they retain the proceeds of the sales.

The "Prospect Park Company" at Niagara has opened its gates to the public. The following published "announcement" will indicate the terms on which visitors will be received:

"For entrance to the grounds, which embrace the most comprehensive views of both the Canada and American falls to be had on the American side—for the day, twenty cents each; for the year, fifty cents each. For entrance to stairs and cars to the river, and return, twenty-five cents each. To Canada by cars and barges, and return, fifty cents each. One-half the above for persons under fourteen years of age. The attention of visitors is asked to the sublime view which may be obtained at the base of the American fall. But from the barges while crossing the river the grandeur of the cataract is better seen and its power more perfectly realized than from any where else. The safety of the ferry has been tested by the experience of more than fifty years, during which not a single life has been lost upon it. Visitors are requested to report any interference with their personal comfort."

It is a good thing that the 75,000 children who attend the public schools in this city are to have their vacation earlier than was the custom a few years ago. On July 3 all the schools will close, and will not reopen again until September 1.

Holloway Model Prison, in London, is conducted on the silent system. The prisoners never see each other, but remain in perpetual solitude. The effect is terrible on the minds of the miserable wretches. Sometimes they are driven to such desperation that they will speak out at the risk of severe punishment. They are taken every day to a chapel, so arranged that they can see no one except the chaplain, and him only through an iron grating. If it is necessary to address them they are spoken to in a whisper, so that they may be in prison years without hearing the natural sound of the human voice. Mr. James Greenwood has published a frightful account of this silent, solitary system, which often wholly unsettles the mental condition of those who are forced to endure it for a long time.

The Dundee *Advertiser*, an influential paper in the United Kingdom, recently made its appearance printed on paper made from jute. The jute trade in Europe is almost wholly monopolized by the city of Dundee. About a dozen years ago the importation and manufacture of jute into various articles began in that place, since which its wealth and population have doubled. In 1872 the consumption of jute in Dundee was about 203,000 tons. Bengal is the principal jute-growing region, and being annually inundated by the Ganges and other rivers, produces abundant crops with little labor.

Not long ago there arrived at Castle Garden, in this city, about two hundred Swedes, who were destined for Minnesota. They seemed utterly unconscious of the intense heat, although their style of dress appeared to be remarkably unsuited to this climate. The men wore suits of thick heavy hide, which were in many cases close-fitting. Women carried their young children in leather pouches attached to their backs, and older children were supplied with thick hides and heavy leather aprons. In such attire they apparently enjoyed the hot sunshine.

The Russian government does not mean to be outdone by any other. It has appropriated 70,000 rubles, which is about $55,000, for observation of the coming transit of Venus.

A new attraction of the Central Park will be the building which is to be arranged for the reception of the camera obscura. The small building now in use, which is situated near the Casino, is entirely inadequate to accommodate the visitors who daily flock to it. In the new building one hundred spectators can be admitted at a time, and the table upon which the pictures are to be thrown will be fourteen feet long. This camera obscura will prove one of the most popular features of the Park.

Fifty years ago the "Retreat for the Insane" was established at Hartford, Connecticut. Up to April 1, 1873, this institution had received under its care 5529 patients, of whom 5374 have been discharged. Those who for many years have had charge of the insane have learned some singular facts respecting this unfortunate class. Among other things, it has been noticed that a person of disordered mind who has been educated is more troublesome to take care of than one who has little or no education, and his chances for recovery less. Dr. Denny, superintendent of the Hartford Retreat, does not think that education is the cause of this, but refers it to the fact that educated and wealthy patients are kept in their own families until the disease is too firmly established to be easily cured, while poorer patients are sent at once to the asylum from motives of economy.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A WAGGISH journalist who is often merry over his personal plainness tells this story of himself: "I went once to a drug store for a dose of morphine for a sick friend. The night clerk objected to giving it to me without a prescription, fearing I was going to kill myself. 'Pshaw,' said I, 'do I look like a man who would destroy himself?' Gazing steadily at me, he replied, 'I don't know. Seems to me if I looked like you I should be greatly tempted to kill myself.'"

When is a captain in his heaviest attire?—When he wears his ship.

What goes most against a farmer's grain?—His reaping machine.

A Kansas paper describes a man as being "as sociable as a batch of candidates two weeks before election."

Why is the man who does not bet as bad as the man who does?—Because he is no bettor.

A CHIN THAT'S NEVER SHAVED—An urchin.

"Small thanks to you, Sir," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause." "Ah, Sir," said the conscientious witness, "but just think of what I didn't say!"

A very bad man put into a contribution box one dollar and a cent, and upon a paper the following: "The cent is for the heathen, and the dollar to get it to them."

HOW TO GET INTO A SCRAPE—Go to the barber's.

A letter was lately dropped in the post-office directed to the town of Set tall Burns, Vermont. The "blind clerk" sent it to St. Albans, and it reached its destination. Another letter was deposited at the office at South Framingham, Massachusetts, directed to "Ulices S. Grant, Presidint of the Unighted States, care of Congress." That letter also arrived in safety.

At what season did Eve eat the apple?—Early in the fall.

A minister, traveling through the West in a missionary capacity several years ago, was holding an animated theological conversation with an old lady upon whom he had called, in the course of which he asked her what idea she had formed of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," said she, "I think it is a good doctrine, if people would only live up to it!"

The man who sang, "Oh, breathe no more that simple air," went into the smoking-car, where the air was more mixed.

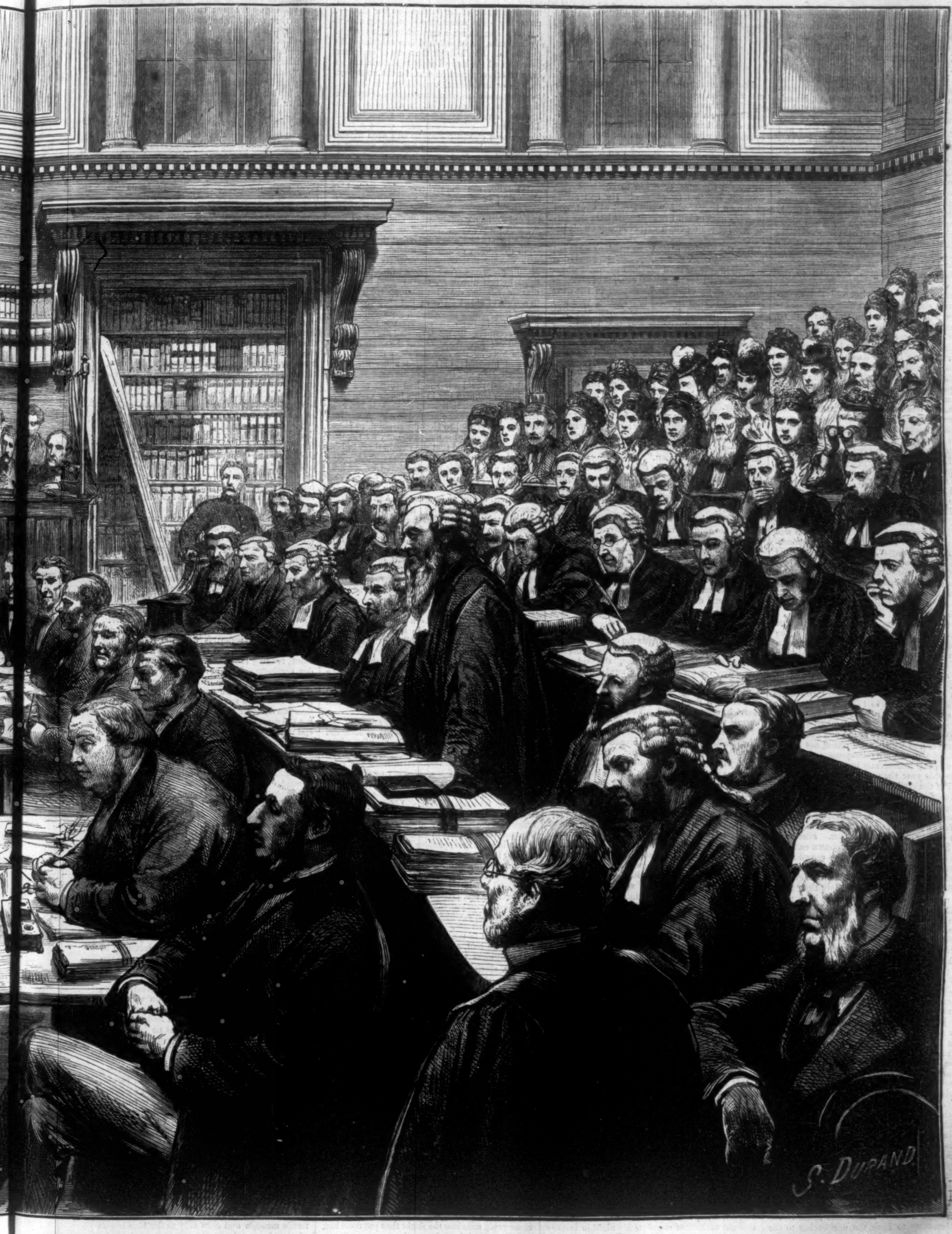
A BORE—The man who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

A girl presenting herself for a situation at a house where "no Irish need apply," in answer to the question where she came from, said, "Sure couldn't ye persave by me accint that it's Frinch I am?"

What is higher when the head is off?—The pillow.

A wife of nearly ten years, having given her servant a holiday, was attending to culinary matters herself, and hearing her husband coming in the kitchen, thought she would surprise him as soon as he entered the door by throwing her hands over his eyes and imprinting a kiss on his brow, as in the days of the honey-moon. The husband returned the salute with interest, and asked, as he disengaged her hands, "Mary darling, where is your mistress?" The wife discharged "Mary darling" the next day, and has adopted a new plan of "surprising" her husband.

THE TRIAL OF THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT—GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURT DU



...URT DURING THE EXAMINATION OF MISS MARY ANN LODER.—[See Page 602.]

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

THE illustration on our double page this week gives an interesting view of an English court-room. The scene represented is the famous TICHBORNE trial, during the examination of Miss MARY ANN LODER, one of the most important witnesses against the claimant, in the Court of Queen's Bench, before the Right. Hon. Sir A. J. E. COCKBURN, Lord Chief Justice of England.

As it is the aim of the prosecution in this case to prove that the defendant, who asserts himself to be Sir ROGER C. TICHBORNE, is really ARTHUR ORTON, late of Wapping and Hobart Town, the evidence of Miss LODER was of very great importance, as this lady is a native and resident of Wapping, was intimate with the ORTON family, and kept company with ARTHUR for twelve months before he sailed for Hobart Town, after which, for some time, an affectionate correspondence was maintained between them, which suddenly ceased. Some of these letters were put in and read, and as it was alleged by the prosecution that there were similarities of handwriting and misspelling between them and documents acknowledged to be written by the claimant. Miss LODER, described as a modest, well-behaved, and not unprepossessing person, neatly attired in black and violet, gave her evidence very quietly, and with great attention to the questions put to her.

A correspondent who witnessed the examination says she spoke with great clearness, intelligence, and self-possession, and she had no doubt that the stout claimant who sat at a small table before her was the ARTHUR ORTON with whom she used to walk out. No amount of cross-examination by Dr. KENEALY, the claimant's leading counsel, could shake her in this belief. The claimant himself sat twirling a piece of note-paper between his fingers, looking a little paler than usual, but betraying no other sign of agitation. If one might judge from his expression, it was rather that of a man who was astonished at a remarkable instance of mistaken identity than flurried by a recognition which seemed to be made in the most perfect good faith.

Miss LODER's testimony was regarded as the most damaging blow which has thus far been given to the claimant's cause. Another witness, who had known ORTON in early life, remembered that one day, while he was sitting in a village inn at Ilford, in Essex, the present claimant, who had gone out there pigeon-shooting as Sir ROGER TICHBORNE, entered. The witness was at once struck with amazement at the reappearance of ARTHUR ORTON, and, according to his account, the claimant recognized him too, and was so completely paralyzed that he left undrunk the liquor which he had ordered and walked out by a private door. It was noticed that Sir ROGER did not shoot pigeons with his usual accuracy of aim that day.

On another day a gentleman who knew ROGER TICHBORNE well gave evidence in regard to the tattoo marks which are alleged to have been on his left arm, and which are not on the claimant's. This witness often used to meet ROGER TICHBORNE, and remembered the latter turning up his shirt sleeve and showing him the marks. A Captain MANDERS, who was in the Carabineers with ROGER in Ireland in 1849, also testified to having seen the tattoo marks. Various details were entered into by these and other witnesses on points which must have been known to ROGER TICHBORNE, and which were either not known to the defendant or were misrepresented by him.

There is less aristocratic interest displayed in the case this year than was manifested during the trial of the civil action last year in the Court of Common Pleas, when the reserved seats were daily occupied by peers, members of Parliament, and even princes. The court was, in fact, one of the favorite resorts of the most distinguished London society at height of season. Since that period, however, the great TICHBORNE case has become unfashionable; though the crowding at the present trial is dense, and the eagerness to see the claimant great, there is a manifest change in the class of spectators. Not more than three or four members of Parliament have been present at all, and not even a solitary lord has deigned to grace the court with his presence. The ladies have been there in numbers, especially in the galleries, but it would be rash to say that even there the fashions have been of the newest or most stylish kind.

The three judges—namely, the Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN, and Justices MELLOR and LUSH—sitting at bar, allow no one to occupy the vacant places beside them on the bench. In a small, low gallery on their right are the twelve jurors. Judges, clerks, official short-hand writers, solicitors and their clerks, and about a dozen reporters for the press, some of whom are placed in a gallery opposite the jury, and the rest stowed away wherever they can get, complete the ordinary complement of court. Just outside the Queen's Bench, and still in Westminster Hall, patient groups of a hundred persons or more stand all day waiting the chances of admission, or the opportunity of seeing the claimant as he leaves at 4.30 in the afternoon.

The approach to the law courts here is the same as to the Houses of Parliament, through an open square called Palace Yard, and for several days after the trial began this square was crowded to excess every afternoon by people eager to see the claimant. Members of Parliament themselves, on their way down to the House, frequently stopped to watch the big man come out, and at length a direct appeal was made to the Home Secretary to have the approaches to the House kept clear. Since then the spectators have been kept out in the open street. There some hundreds of people congregate every evening, some to cheer and some few to hiss the claimant as he drives past in his brougham.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the Third.

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

FOR a short time—a long vacation and a Christmas visit—he reciprocated her passion. The fair, still face seemed to him the perfection of patrician beauty, a wonderful relief after certain sirens of the bar-maid order with whose lighter converse he was wont to soften the asperities of classic learning. He had vague thoughts of a future in which Hilda should be his wife, and was severely rated by his widowed parent upon the folly of his course. Marry Hilda, indeed, without a sixpence, or a rag to her back that was not supplied by charity! He had better pick up a beggar-girl in the street at once, and then his next of kin would at least have the satisfaction of taking out a writ of lunacy on his behalf.

But the passion passed—as passions were apt to pass with the Viscount. A bar-maid flirtation —more in earnest than previous bar-maid flirtations—blotted out the milder charms of his cousin. When he came to Ashcombe in the next long vacation he thought her looking pale and faded. Nor was her temper improved. She perceived his indifference, and taxed him with it. Then came bitter little speeches, sudden bursts of tears, angry rushes from the room, bangings of doors, and all the varieties of squabbling that compose lovers' quarrels, until at last, with a praiseworthy candor, the Viscount confessed that he had for some time past ceased to care for his cousin, except in the most cousinly way.

"If ever you're in want of a friend, you know, Hilda, you can come to me; and wherever I live—by-and-by, when my mother goes off the hooks—my house will be your home, if you haven't one of your own."

She acknowledged this offer with some dignity, but with a very white face, and lips that quivered faintly in spite of her firmness, and expressed the hope that she might never intrude upon his hospitality.

"Well, I hope you'll make a good match, Hilda," he said, rather awkwardly, "and then, of course, you'll be independent of me and mine; but I shall never forget you, and how fond I was of you, and all that. Oh, by-the-way, you may as well give me back the letters I wrote you from Oxford. One never knows when that sort of rubbish may fall into dangerous hands, and make no end of mischief. Hunt 'em all up, will you, Hilda? and we'll amuse ourselves with a bonfire this wet morning."

Hilda informed him, after a few moments' hesitation, that she had made the bonfire already.

"I burned them one by one as they came, after I had read them once or twice," she said. "It was safer, on account of my aunt—the surest way of preventing them from falling into dangerous hands."

"What a deep card you are!—as deep as Garrick, upon my word. You're quite sure you burned them?"

"Quite sure. Don't be alarmed, Reginald. There will be no action for breach of promise."

"Oh, it isn't that, you know. No girl with a hap'orth of self-respect would go in for that sort of thing; much less such a girl as you. Only old letters are the deuce and all for creating trouble in a man's life. I'm glad you burned 'em."

Never since these juvenile love passages, which left a somewhat unpleasant flavor in Lord Paulyn's mouth—a flavor of remorse, perhaps—had he liked Hilda so well as he liked her now in their quiet life at Slogh-na-Dyack. She was of so much use to him—so able a counselor, so ready a confidante. He gave her a pile of his house-steward's bills to look over, and she charmed him at once by suggesting that he should, in future, pay ready money for all household supplies—or make weekly payments, to be ranked as ready money—and claim a discount of ten per cent. on all such accounts.

"No doubt the tradesmen pay your people five per cent. already," she said. "They would willingly pay you ten for the sake of getting ready money. Your discounts ought to pay the wages of half your household, instead of going into the servants' pockets."

By such brilliant flashes of genius did Hilda charm her cousin. He groaned aloud as he compared this skilled economist with his wife, whose extravagances still rankled in his mind, and whose refusal of a settled allowance he had not ceased to consider an artful stroke of business, whereby she had reserved to herself the right of unlimited expenditure.

"If ever I let her leave Slogh-na-Dyack, I shall restrict her to an allowance of five hundred a year," he said to himself. But there were times when the spirit of anger against his wife burned so fiercely within him that he had serious thoughts of making her spend the rest of her life in Argyleshire, with only such change of scene as his yacht might afford her—a cruise in the Mediterranean now and then, or a run to Madeira or St. Michael's.

"It'll suit me well enough for six months of the year. I can always run up from Glasgow when there are any races on," reflected Lord Paulyn, who, after the manner of racing men, thought nothing of spending his night in railway carriages, speeding at express rate over the face of the country.

Elizabeth perceived the harmony that reigned between her husband and his cousin; perceived that he no longer troubled himself with the futile endeavor to impart his perplexities to her non-mathematical brain. She saw all this, and without being absolutely jealous—was jealousy possible where love was absent?—was keenly stung by this preference. She had been accustomed to think of her husband as her slave—a refractory slave sometimes—but never able to put off his bondage; a creature to be made glad by her smile, to be subdued into submission by her frown. She had felt the sense of her power over him all the more keenly because in the society of other women he was, for the most part, morose or indifferent, wrapped up in his own thoughts about his own amusements or speculations, slow to comply with the exigences of polite life: a man who, if he had not been the rich Lord Paulyn, might have been called a boor. To her own chosen friends he had been habitually uncivil; beauty, except her own, seemed to have no charm for him; wit and vivacity only bored him. All the graces of feminine costume were a dead letter.

"I think she wore cherry-color, with blue sleeves," he answered once, when his wife questioned him upon a fashionable toilet; "or was it Lord Zetland's colors, white and red? Upon my soul I don't know which."

She beheld him now for the first time interested in the society of another woman, and beheld with wonder that woman's capacity for understanding him and sympathizing with him. Mortified by this discovery, she avenged herself at first by reducing the Viscount's sporting friends to a state of abject slavery; but speedily wearying of this shallow amusement, grew sullen, shut herself up in her own rooms—the best in the house, occupying the whole front of the second story, and sweeping the waters of the strait and the purple hills on the opposite side; read, sketched, and brooded; or roamed alone upon the mountain-side, and thought of her dead-and-gone youth, and the lover she had loved and lost. His image haunted her in this lonely region—in this tranquil, empty life—more than it had ever haunted her since she knelt down upon her bridal eve and prayed to God for strength to forget him. She was in his native country for the first time in her life, and that she should think of him seemed only a natural association of ideas. Nor was this all: she felt herself injured by her husband's evident liking for his cousin's society, and so opened the doors of her heart to fatal memories; lived again, as in a dream, her brief summer-tide of joy and sorrow; gave up her thoughts to sad musings upon that foolish past. Sometimes she varied the burden of that sorrow by thinking of her dead baby—alas! how often in her dreams had she felt those little arms clasped about her neck, those sweet soft breathings on her cheek, and red lips like opening flowers pressed warm against her own! She thought of what that romantic home might have been to her, still blessed with her boy; fancied the sunny noontide on the grassy slope above the blue water, or the terrace sheltered from northern winds by a grove of pinasters; or in the flower garden behind the house, a fertile hollow at the foot of the mountain; or wandering on the mountain-top with her darling in her arms, the summer air noisy with loud humming of bees, and the sweet west wind blowing round them. Not for her these tender pleasures—only loneliness and regret—the bitter memory of things that had once been sweet.

Pride stifled all expression of anger at her husband's defection. Not by word or look did she betray her displeasure at the position which Hilda Disney was fast assuming in the household. On the contrary, she suffered the reins to slip from her hands as if weary of the burden of government. Her old languor and dislike to exertion, except in pursuit of some novel pleasure, returned to her. Life at Slogh-na-Dyack was very much like life at Hawleigh Vicarage; there was only a difference of detail. Trained serving-men in place of a parlor-maid; a certain state and splendor in all the machinery of the household. The evenings in the long drawing-room, with its mediæval oak furniture, modern French tapestries, and Brummagem armory, all made on purpose for the château at the cost of the Glasgow knife-powder maker, were just as dull as the evenings in the old days when she had yawned over a novel in the society of her three sisters. Lord Paulyn and his guests congregated in the smoking-room, or paced the wide stone hall, a spacious vaulted chamber always odorous with tobacco, or strolled on the terrace, staring at the moon-lit water, and talking of their day's work among the birds. They were men who walked thirty miles or so between breakfast and dinner, and who, after devoting a couple of hours to their evening gorge, retired within themselves like boa-constrictors, and were in no manner dependent upon feminine society. So when Elizabeth, weary of their vapid compliments, and despising the petty triumph afforded by the subjugation of such small deer, ceased to be particularly civil to them, they deserted the drawing-room almost entirely, and solaced themselves with smoke and billiards, or placid slumbers, stretched at ease upon morocco-covered divans, lulled by the ripple of the wavelets that lapped against the beach.

Once in ten days or so Lord Paulyn sped southward for a day's racing, generally accompanied by a chosen friend, and returned, depressed or elated as the case might be, to talk over all his proceedings—his triumphs or his failures—with his cousin Hilda. These confabulations, which took place openly enough in some snug corner of the drawing-room, wounded Elizabeth to the quick. She began to think that all those vapid men saw the slight thus put upon her, and discussed it in their smoking-room conclaves. She began to fancy that her very servants were losing some touch of their old reverence, that her maid had a compassionate air.

"Shall I live to be pitied?" she asked herself, remembering that she had sold herself to the bondage of a loveless marriage for the sake of being envied.

One day she determined upon sending for Blanche, in order to bring some new force to bear upon Miss Disney; but upon the next day altered her mind. She would not endure that her sister—even her best-loved, most-trusted sister—should see that there was an influence in her husband's house stronger than her own.

"Blanche would go on so," she said to herself, "and I feel too weak and tired to bear fuss of any kind. And, after all, what does it matter if my husband has found somebody to be interested in his racing talk? It never interested me; only I believe that Hilda's sympathy is all put on. No woman could be interested in handicapping and Chester Cups for ever and ever."

So Lady Paulyn made no struggle to maintain her authority. She allowed Hilda to drive her pony carriage, and make friends with the few families scattered in pretty white villas here and there upon the coast. She left to Hilda the trouble of dispensing tea and coffee at the eight-o'clock breakfast: the gentlemen were early at Slogh-na-Dyack, and over the hills and far away before ten. She suffered Hilda to receive the sportsmen when they came straggling up from the boat with their dogs at their heels, and she rarely appeared herself in the public rooms of the château till a quarter of an hour before the eight-o'clock dinner. She had the long days to herself, and roamed alone where she would, making her companions of the hills and the blue sea. Sometimes, when she looked from the hill-tops toward the Mull of Cantyre, her soul yearned to escape by that rock-bound point, to sail away to the South Sea isles, and toil, for God's sake, by the side of the man she loved. Oh, how easy, how sweet, how smooth it seemed to her now, that better life which she had cast away! "How easy it would have been for me to do good for his sake," she said; "to be schooled by him, to become any thing that he could make me—a saint almost—by his pure influence!"

Then from that distant seaward opening, from that dream-like gaze toward an unknown world far away, her tired eyes would sink downward to the towers and pinnacles of Slogh-na-Dyack, like a fairy palace dimly seen through the misty atmosphere. Was it not verily the fairy palace of her dreams, symbol of the Cinderella's triumph she had fancied for herself in her childish visions?

"I wonder whether Cinderella was happy," she said to herself, "or if she ever wished herself back among the cinders, and hated her fairy godmother for having made her a princess. She found rich husbands for her sisters, at any rate, and that is more than I have done. I have been *no* use in the world to any one but myself."

On quiet Sundays—and the Sabbath at Slogh-na-Dyack was very quiet—the sound of the bells ringing through the soft summer air brought back the thought of Hawleigh and the grave old church, its massive clustered columns and lofty arches, shadowy aisles sonorous with the fresh young voices of the choir, and sometimes with *his* voice alone, reading the lessons of the day with a tender earnestness that gave familiar words a new meaning. Here in the little Episcopalian chapel the sacred rites were sorely stinted; no white-robed choristers trooping in through the vestry door, no decorated altar cloths or floral festivals; but the same dull round from year's end to year's end: a harmonium grumbling an accompaniment of common chords to the dullest selection of hymns extant, and one elderly incumbent prosing his feeble little sermons, and doing his best to maintain the dignity of his church single-handed.

Elizabeth and Miss Disney were regular in their attendance at this small temple, which was an unpretentious edifice of corrugated iron, like a gigantic Dutch oven, until at last, after about half a dozen Sundays, Lady Paulyn wearied of the elderly incumbent.

"There's another Episcopalian chapel at Dunallen," she said; "a real stone pretty little Gothic building, which can hardly be so intolerably hot as this oven. I shall take the pony carriage this afternoon and go over there."

She did not invite Miss Disney to join her in this expedition; so that young lady, who made a point of holding herself aloof from all intercourse to which she was not specially invited, and who had certainly received no inducement to abandon this reserve, went her own ways to the little iron church in the island, while Lady Paulyn drove to Dunallen. It was a calm sunless afternoon, with an atmosphere that seemed made on purpose for Sundays—a day on which the birds forget to sing, and the rabbits lie asleep in their holes. The Kyles of Bute looked smooth as an Italian lake, but there was no Italian sky above them, only the uniform gray of Scottish heavens, unbroken save by the white mist-wreaths on the hill-tops.

The Viscount and his friends, after having spent all the lawful days of the week in perambulating the moors, lunching on the mountain-top upon savory stews cooked in a traveling kitchener, washed down with Glenlivat, were not sorry for the day of rest, which they devoted to lying full-length on the divans in the smoking-room, or sauntering in the garden and hot-houses, talking Newmarket and Tattersall's. Going to church was not among their accomplishments.

Dunallen was a hamlet among the hills, round which sundry white stone villas had scattered themselves, a hamlet on a winding hill-side road looking downward across an undulating tract of fertile meadow and corn field to the blue bosom of the Loch. Lady Paulyn had marked the spot, and the little Gothic Episcopalian church, lately erected at the cost of a land-owner in the neighborhood, in the course of her lonely rambles. The village was within three miles of

Slogh-na-Dyack, and one of her favorite walks was in the moorland above it.

The bells were ringing with a sweet solemn sound in the still air as the little carriage drove round the curve of the hill, and up to the pretty Gothic doorway of Dunallen chapel. The Presbyterian church stood a few paces off, a gaunt edifice of fifty years ago, grim and uncompromising, as who should say, Here you will get only plain, substantial fare, and no foreign kickshaws; something to bite at in the way of theology. Behind the Episcopalian chapel, with its dainty, dandified air, there rose a little grove of firs upon the green slope of the hill, crowning the Gothic pinnacles with their dark verdure, and in front of the fir grove, a few yards from the chapel, stood a tiny manse, a miniature Tudor villa, in which a young newly wedded incumbent might have found life very picturesque and pleasant, but in which there would have hardly been breathing room for a pastor with a large family.

Lady Paulyn was one of the first to enter the small church, and was speedily conducted to a comfortable seat by an obsequious pew-opener, who had marked the arrival of the carriage. The light within was softened by painted windows from Munich; the open seats were of dark oak; the small temple had the look of a labor of love.

The service was conducted in the usual unornamental style; a little stout man with sandy whiskers read prayers at a hand-gallop to a sparse congregation, who afterward joined their vinegar voices in a shrill hymn, not one of those *Hymns Ancient and Modern* which Elizabeth loved so well, but a dryasdust composition, which would never have given wings to any heavenward-soaring soul. Elizabeth thought these ministrations but a small improvement on the services of the corrugated iron chapel at Slogh-na-Dyack. She had fallen into a drowsy absent-minded condition by the time the shrill singing was finished, and did not take the trouble to look up to see the little stout man trot up the pulpit stairs.

She sat looking down at the loosely-clasped hands in her lap, when another voice, without any preliminary prayer, gave out the text; and lifting her eyes with a wild stare, in which rapture and surprise were strangely blended, saw a tall figure in a surplice in the place where the little man might have stood—the figure of Malcolm Forde.

No cry broke from her lips, though her heart beat as it had never beaten before. She sat dumbly looking at him, white as death, with fixed, dilated eyes. The dead newly risen from the grave could not have moved her more deeply. Great Heaven, how she loved him! It seemed to her as if in that moment only she realized the overwhelming force of her love. A new world, a new life, were contained in his presence. To see him there, only to see and hear him—whatsoever gulf yawned between them—was new life to her: renovated youth, hope, joy, enthusiasm, aspiration for higher things.

"O God! if I can only hear his voice every Sunday," she thought, "I will worship him, and live for him, and be good and pure for his sake, and never strive to lessen the distance that divides us. What more joy can I desire than to know that he lives, and is well and happy, and breathes the same air I breathe, and looks out across the same sea, and is near me unawares! Oh, thank God for the chance that brought me to Slogh-na-Dyack! Thank God for my bonnie Scottish home!"

His sermon to-day was like his old sermons, full of life and fire and quiet force and supreme tenderness, the sermon of a man speaking to a cherished flock out of a heart overflowing with love. Yet she fancied that his tones had lost something in mere physical power; that deep-toned voice was weaker than of old. Once he stopped, exhausted, at the close of a sentence, with an appearance of fatigue that she had never seen in him at Hawleigh, and his face looked very pale in the cold light from a northern window.

The thought of this change touched her heart with a sudden sense of fear. That spiritual countenance turned to the northern light, those deep hollow eyes, all the lines of the face more sharply chiseled than of old, something that was not age, but rather an indication of hard wear and tear that stood in the place of age—these were the tokens of his late labors, the seal that his mission had set upon him.

"If he should die," she said to herself, appalled, "while I, who seem made of some hard common clay, too tough to be broken by sorrow, go on living!"

The sermon was not a long one. There was no hymn afterward, only the clink-clink of shillings and sixpences into the bowl which a grim-looking Scotchman carried round the little church. The service altogether had been of the briefest; and Donald the groom, who perhaps took his measure from a familiarity with the Presbyterian office, had not arrived with the pony carriage when Lady Paulyn came out of the church.

She looked round her with something like terror at finding herself standing almost alone by the church door, knowing that Malcolm Forde was so near; might come through that open door at any moment, and meet her face to face, for the first time since he had cast her from his heart with cruel, deliberate repudiation.

She thought of the morning on which she had gone to his lodgings in quest of him; gone with a determination to humble herself, to ask for his forgiveness and his blessing, before he left her forever. And behold, that bitter parting, that loss of something which had seemed to her the very life of her life, had not been forever. The world which seemed so wide was narrow enough to bring these two face to face again.

"If I had seen him that morning, and he had forgiven me, I should never have married Lord Paulyn," she said to herself. "If he had left me only a few words of kindness or forgiveness, I would have been true to his memory all my life; but his coldness drove me mad. I had no memory of the past to console me; I had no hope in the future to sustain me."

Still no sign of Donald and the ponies. The scanty congregation had dispersed; the mountain-road was empty. She stood watching the curve round which the ponies must in due time appear, half dreading, half hoping, that Malcolm Forde might come that way.

She had been waiting about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour—a period which seemed almost interminable—when she heard the shutting of a distant door, and the sound of footsteps approaching her. She had gone a little way along the road, in the opposite direction to the Vicarage. The incumbent and his friend would be likely to return thither when the service was ended. She had not flung herself purposely in the path of her old lover.

She heard the footsteps drawing nearer, and the voices of two men conversing; one, the thin reedy pipe of the incumbent; the other, that deeper, graver organ, whose every tone she knew so well.

They had gone a little way past her, when the short stout gentleman, who had been apprised by the appearance of a stray sovereign in the alms-basin that some important member of his flock, or perchance some illustrious stranger, had been among the congregation, turned himself about to behold her, pirouetting in an airy manner, as if admiring the beauties of the landscape.

"Lady Paulyn, I declare," he murmured to his companion, after that brief survey.

His companion stared at him for a moment with a look of sheer amazement, and stopped short.

"What Lady Paulyn? Do you mean an old woman, Lord Paulyn's mother?"

"No, a young woman, and a very handsome one. The Dowager Lady Paulyn died a few months ago."

They were walking on again. Malcolm Forde had not looked backward. Was it verily Elizabeth, the woman he had loved, the woman whose image had followed him in his farthest wanderings, the shadowy face looking into his, the spirit voice speaking with him, in spite of his prayer for forgetfulness, in spite of his manhood and his reason? In dreams, walking and sleeping, she had been with him. Thoughts of her had intruded themselves upon his most solemn meditations; never, even at his best, had he been free from those olden fetters, the fatal bondage of earthly love.

And yet he had passed her unawares upon that mountain-road, and would not for all the world go back to speak to her. A few yards farther on they met the pony carriage, the small cream-colored ponies with bells upon their harness, the little shell-shaped carriage with its bear-skin and scarlet rug.

Mr. Forde smiled his bitterest smile at the sight of that dainty equipage. Was it not for pomps and vanities such as these she had sold herself?

"How does she happen to be here?" he asked his companion.

"You know her?" exclaimed Mr. Mackenzie, the incumbent, turning upon him sharply.

"Yes, I know her."

"But won't you speak to her? Let us go back. It must seem so rude to have passed her like that. And you can introduce me. I should really have liked to call on her when she first came to Slogh-na-Dyack, but she would naturally attend the Episcopalian church down there, I thought, and I hate the idea of seeming intrusive. Let us go back and speak to her before she drives off."

"No, Mackenzie. My acquaintance with her began and ended a long time ago. I will not renew it. You must get some one else to present you, or call upon her and present yourself."

"Was she Lady Paulyn when you knew her?"

"No."

"Quite a nobody, I've been told, before her marriage?" inquisitively.

"I don't know your exact definition of a nobody. Her father was my vicar—a man of old family; and she was one of the loveliest girls, or I will say the loveliest, I ever saw."

"No doubt—no doubt; she's a splendid woman now. But it was a great match for a country clergyman's daughter. I wish my daughters may marry half as well when they grow up. Their complexions at present have a tendency to run to freckles; but I dare say they'll grow out of that."

The pony carriage flashed rapidly by at this moment, Elizabeth driving, and looking neither right nor left.

"How do they come to be here?" asked Malcolm.

"What, didn't I tell you yesterday, when I took you for that long round? No, by-the-bye, we did not go near Slogh-na-Dyack. Lord Paulyn has lately bought a place on the coast here; a charming place, which he got a dead bargain. We'll go over and call to-morrow, if you like."

"Haven't I told you that I don't want to renew my acquaintance with Lady Paulyn?"

"That sounds so ungracious: your old vicar's daughter, too. However, I suppose you have your own reasons."

"I have. It's best to tell you the plain truth, perhaps; only mind it goes no farther, not even to Mrs. Mackenzie. Miss Luttrell and I were engaged to be married, and she flung me over for Lord Paulyn. That's the whole story. It's a thing of the remote past; a folly on both sides, no doubt, since she was created by nature to adorn the position she now occupies, and I had other hopes which I was willing to abandon for her sake. Do not think that I cherish any ill feeling against her; only—only it might pain us both to meet."

Mr. Mackenzie held his peace after this, and the two men made a circuit of the hill-side, and returned to the manse to dine on a cold roast of beef, as Mrs. Mackenzie called it, and a salad, in clerical fashion, content to consume their viands cold on the day of rest. But Mr. Mackenzie had a budget of news for his wife that night when they retired to their own chamber, and dutifully poured into her listening ear the story of Malcolm Forde's love affair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

INVITATIONS are now being received by prominent American scientists to attend the forty-third meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which is to be held at Bradford on Wednesday, the 17th of September next. It will be under the presidency of Mr. JAMES PRESCOTT JOULE, the eminent physicist, and will doubtless be equally noteworthy with its predecessors for the number of members and visitors in attendance, and the value of the scientific communications.

The meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will take place somewhat earlier, namely, on the 20th of August, at Portland, Maine, commencing at 10 o'clock A.M. Very extended preparations have been made by the citizens for the accommodation of the association, and special invitations tendered on the part of the city government, the Board of Trade, the Mercantile Library Association, the Maine Charitable Mechanics' Association, the Portland Society of Natural History, etc.

The officers of the association for the present year are Professor JOSEPH LOVERING, of Cambridge, president; A. H. WORTHEN, of Springfield, Illinois, vice-president; C. A. WHITE, of Iowa City, Iowa, general secretary; WILLIAM S. VAUX, of Philadelphia, treasurer; F. W. PUTNAM, of Salem, permanent secretary. The Committee of Supervision is composed of the Mayor, (GEORGE P. WESTCOTT,) chairman, BENJAMIN KINGSBURY, Jun., GEORGE E. B. JACKSON, Rev. CHARLES W. HAYES, and the chairmen of the several sub-committees.

The fifth annual report of Mr. CHARLES V. RILEY, State Entomologist of Missouri, has just been published, and, like its predecessors, contains much matter of great interest to naturalists, as well as to the farmer. Mr. RILEY ranks among the first of those devoted to this subject, and has already attained much distinction by the extent and value of his inquiries.

The memoir is divided into several articles, the first being an essay on entomology in its relations to agriculture, in which the economical applications of the science are successfully represented. In a chapter on noxious insects we have a careful consideration of the codling-moth, the Colorado potato beetle, the apple-tree borer, and other species, the most important communication, however, being that in reference to the *Phylloxera*, or grape-vine louse, in regard to which Professor RILEY has previously contributed some very important observations that have furnished valuable hints in regard to its treatment. This pest has not developed itself to the same extent here as in Europe, where it threatens to almost destroy the vine-growing interest of France. Those who wish to gather an excellent summary of the present state of our knowledge on this subject can not do better than to refer to Professor RILEY's work. We may state, however, that he agrees with Mr. LOUIS FAUCON in considering a submergence of the roots of the vine during winter as the best method of destroying the insect. Next to this the application of a cheap form of carbolic acid powder is strongly recommended.

Our space does not permit us to go into any detail in regard to Mr. RILEY's report, which is so full of facts as scarcely to admit of an abstract. The section of innoxious insects is necessarily much shorter than that devoted to the injurious ones, although it is believed by Mr. RILEY and others that much remains to be done in the way of counteracting the ravages of the hurtful kinds by taking the necessary measures to cultivate and protect their antagonists.

If there is any criticism to make in reference to Professor RILEY's report, it is as to the absence of a table of contents, by which a general idea of the divisions and subdivisions of the report can be obtained without the necessity of turning the book over, page by page. The copious alphabetical index does not, in any way, relieve the necessity referred to.

The *Chemical News* announces the death of Mr. JAMES WALLACE YOUNG, at Portobello, on the 12th of May, in the thirtieth year of his age, and speaks of him as an ardent student and a chemist of great promise, and a not infrequent contributor to its pages. His researches were principally in the field of chemical geology, his papers being marked by a close reasoning, and his analyses by minute accuracy. He had been engaged for many years in making a collection of rock sections for microscopical investigation.

Mr. C. W. BURNHAM, of Chicago, has communicated to the London Astronomical Society a list of eighty-one new double stars discovered by him. Mr. BURNHAM is an amateur astronomer—one of the few in this country who have succeeded in bringing their enthusiasm up to the "useful-work" point. He has consulted almost all the good modern catalogues of double stars in order to ascertain that those discovered by him to be double were not already recorded in the annals of astronomy. Chicago is to be congratulated that, amidst her business and her losses, one of her citizens is able to apply his leisure to the pursuit of so ennobling a study.

We notice in the French journals several statements relative to the Army Signal-office that are quite erroneous. They are to the effect that "the Signal-office was created by the late Commander M. F. MAURY," and "that the United States government, at the request of Mr. MAURY, established the present system of storm signals." While fully recognizing the debt that the world owes to Mr. MAURY, it is evident that in the preceding statements a great injustice is done to the men who really built up the present system of weather probabilities. In reference to this system it is not too much to say that the published reports and other documents show that Mr. MAURY has had nothing to do with it. The Army Signal-office is a purely military institution, and it had no existence as such until gradually developed during the late civil war by the exigencies of war and the genius of General MYER. During this period Mr. MAURY, as is well known, was one of the most prominent leaders of the Southern cause. Storm warnings did not form a part of the duties of the chief signal officer until the Secretary of War specially intrusted to him the execution of the law passed by Congress in 1870. In the passage of this law Mr. MAURY had no part whatever, its framing and advocacy being wholly due to Professor J. A. LAPHAM and Hon. H. E. PAINE, both of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It is, however, to be remembered that the way had been paved for the success of these gentlemen in their public-spirited enterprise not only by the success of the long-established system of storm signals in Europe, but by the still earlier labors of American meteorologists. It was REDFIELD who first in America, in 1838, satisfactorily established the law of the progression of storms. ESPY, as meteorologist to the Navy, and subsequently to the War Department, showed by his daily weather maps for a number of years that storm prediction was perfectly possible. The Smithsonian Institution had established the first system of telegraphic meteorological reports, and when, after many years, it was discontinued, Professor ABBE revived it at Cincinnati, in 1869, and by actual daily predictions (which had not been attempted by the Smithsonian) combined the labors of his predecessors into a successful and practically useful undertaking. He has himself narrated the unsuccessful attempts he made to enlist the co-operation of Chicago and other cities in a national system; but to his correspondent in Milwaukee was reserved the full success of this undertaking. To Professor LAPHAM must the credit be given of having brought to a most successful conclusion this long line of efforts. The field of MAURY's labors was so exclusively upon the ocean that, were he living, he would be the first to correct the errors that have been circulated in France.

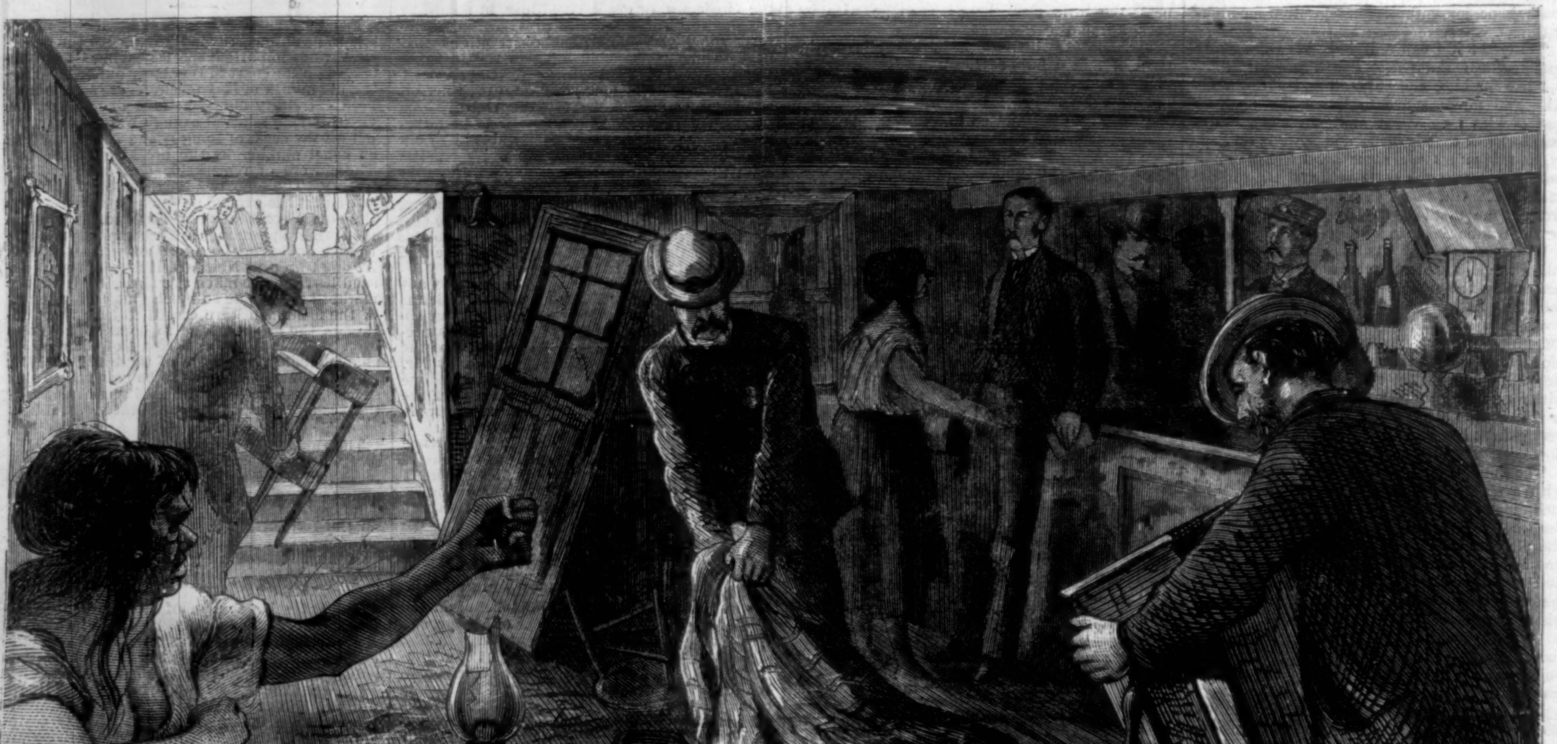
From the *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office for the week ending Wednesday, June 25, we make the following extracts: During the past week a storm centre has moved from Manitoba southeastward over Lake Superior, and thence over Maine to Nova Scotia; a second storm, attended by heavy rains, has existed in the Northwest. An immense mass of cool air, with high barometer, has descended from the northward, and now covers New England and the Middle States. The largest total amounts of rain have been reported from the lake region and the extreme Northwest—the latter region having experienced very wet weather. The Missouri is reported to have risen during the week eleven feet at Leavenworth. The Red River has changed but little. The Ohio and all its tributaries have fallen somewhat. The Mississippi has generally fallen, but rose yesterday seven feet at Le Claire.

From present appearances the year 1873 promises to be noteworthy in the annals of the fisheries, various important species having already occurred on the coast in very large numbers. During the month of May mackerel are said to have been extremely abundant near our shores, one vessel having taken at a single sweep of a purse-net off the coast of Long Island 72,000, and lost an equal number by the breaking of the net. These were of remarkable size and excellent quality. The scup, too, the decrease of which in years past has excited so much apprehension on the south coast of New England, have again made their appearance in great numbers, and although not of very large size, are yet marketable. At one trap near Newport, it is said, two thousand barrels were taken at a single haul, and the market has become so much glutted that many of the fishermen have ceased to take them, although the fish continue to be as abundant as ever. This is the natural result of the remarkable sporadic appearance of these fish in 1871. But the abundance seems to be confined to this species, as there is a continued scarcity of tautog, sea-bass, striped bass, and other coast fishes.

The rumors in regard to the exposure of Sir SAMUEL BAKER and his party have lately been set at rest definitely by the receipt of a dispatch on the part of the English government from the Governor-General of Southern Soudan, dated on the 15th of March, reporting the arrival at Gondokoro of the reinforcement sent to Sir SAMUEL, and confirming the intelligence of his safety.

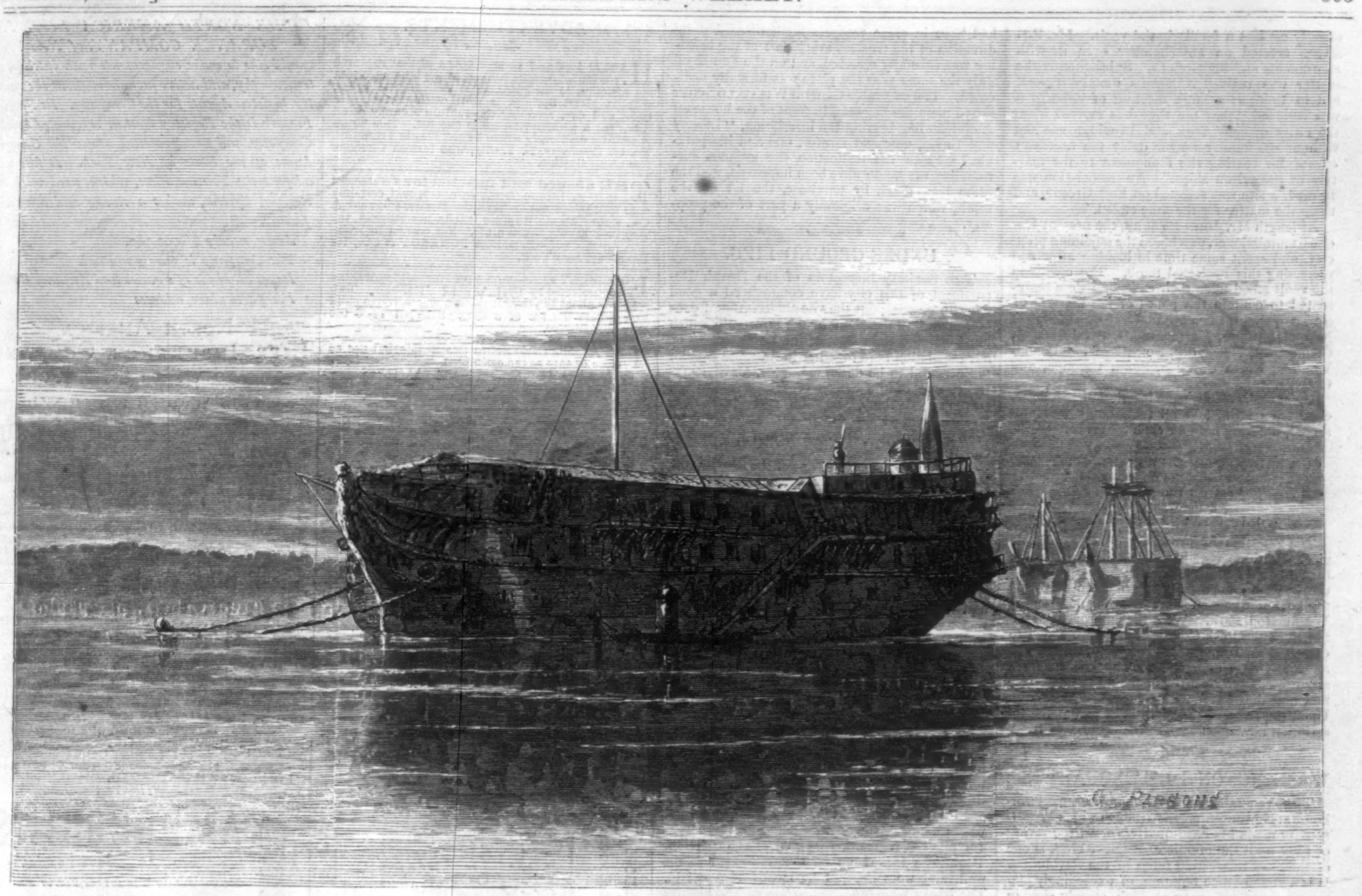
The extensive system of meteorological stations that at the earnest representations of HUMBOLDT and others was established throughout the Russian possessions, in the year 1830 and subsequently, after continuing unbroken until 1864, was in that year somewhat affected by the death of KUPFFER. His successor, the eminent KÄMTZ, unfortunately lived but two years—too short a time to effect the many improvements that he had projected. It has thus been left to WILD to thoroughly reorganize this highly important series of stations. The first volume of observations under the new system—that for the year 1870—has but just been received (the delays incident to the publication of such an immense mass of figures are well known to those engaged in similar works). In this, besides the hourly results carefully deduced from the continuous records of the self-registering instruments at St. Petersburg, there are given, both in detail and in monthly means, the observations made during the year at seven stations in Asiatic and thirty-nine stations in European Russia, in addition to those taken by Mr. FRITSCHE at the observatory in Pekin, China. The introduction gives a very exact account of the reliability of the various different series, which is highly valuable to those who have occasion to use either this or the earlier volumes of observations. The altitudes of the stations must necessarily almost always be determined barometrically, and in this important matter the researches of HANN on decrease of temperature, and the admirable hypsometric tables of RÜHLMANN, are uniformly used.

SKETCHES FROM OUR ARTIST'S NOTE-BOOK.



HEALTH OFFICERS CLEARING OUT A "DIVE."

UNDER-GROUND LIFE IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 606.]



THE BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIPS—THE "JERSEY" IN THE FOREGROUND.

THE PRISON-SHIP MARTYRS.

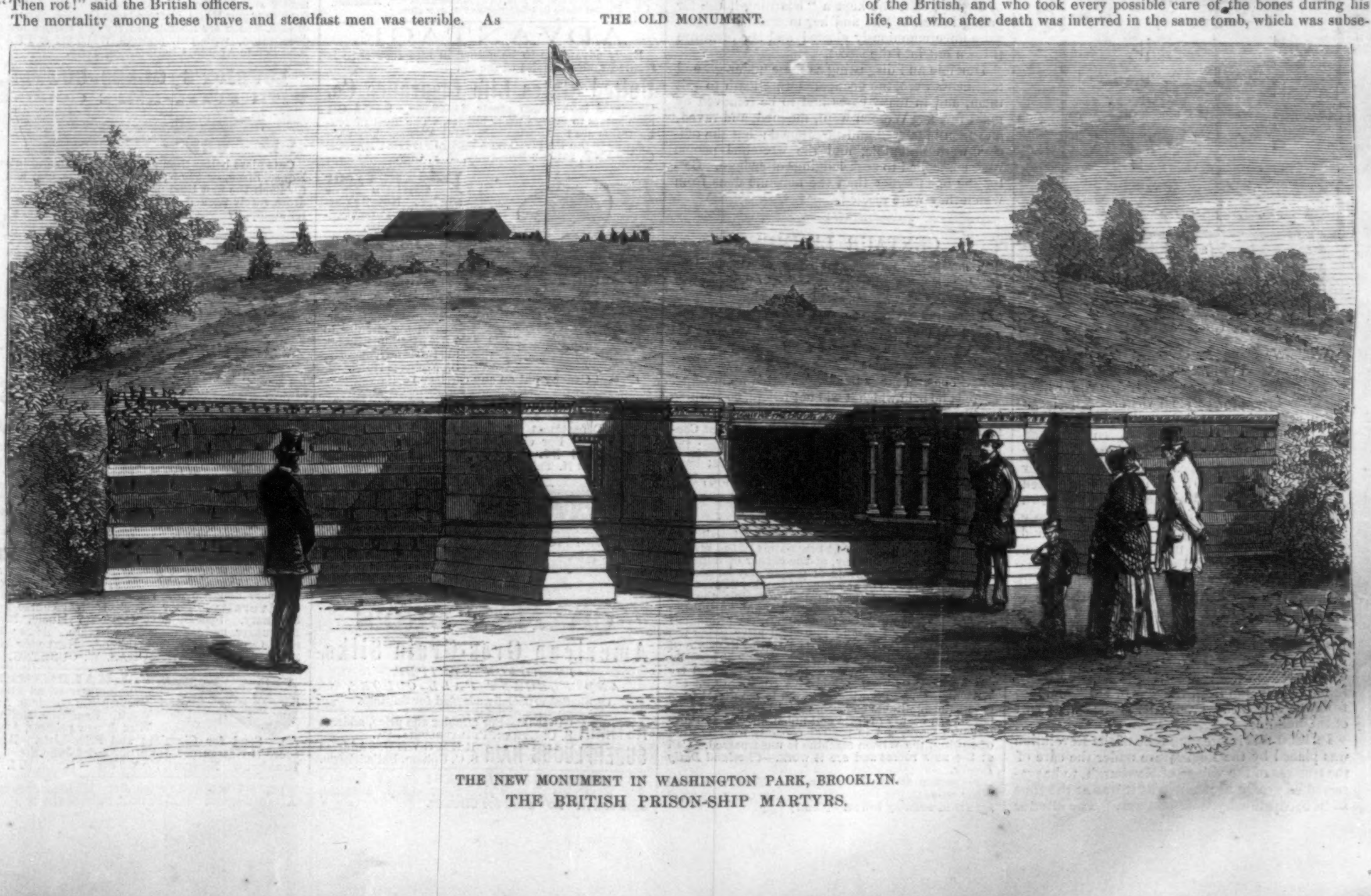
On a small triangular piece of ground on Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, right against the blank Navy-yard wall, has stood for years a dilapidated structure, in which were deposited the remains of the patriots who had perished in the British prison ships during the Revolutionary war. Its condition was a disgrace to the nation and the city. The entrance to the vault was open, and the boys of the neighborhood were in the habit of playing "hide-and-seek" among the very coffins.

The history of this old structure is interesting. Early in the Revolutionary war the British 64-gun ship *Jersey* was dismantled and moored in Wallabout Bay, where she was used as a prison ship until the close of the war, when she was left to decay. Often as many as a thousand prisoners were simultaneously confined on the *Jersey*. Her crew was composed of drafted British and Hessian soldiers, who were very cruel to the prisoners. Here, confined within a stone's-throw of their friends and relatives, these poor starving prisoners gazed from their prison port-holes on the neighboring shores, where welcome and plenty awaited them if they could but escape. They had but to promise obedience to the Crown, and they were free. Promises of pardon and of gold were made them if they would but submit to "good King George;" but they sadly shook their heads. "Then rot!" said the British officers.

The mortality among these brave and steadfast men was terrible. As fast as they died they were taken ashore and buried in the swampy land forming the shore of the bay. There they lay until 1808, when the Tammany Society took the matter in hand, gathered the remains together, and erected a monument in honor of the heroic men. On the 26th of May of that year a grand procession was formed, and, amidst solemn ceremonials, the bones were placed in a vault which had been prepared. For those days the procession was an immense one, and the display something gorgeous and unprecedented. The remains had been placed in eleven immense coffins, each coffin intended to hold the relics of the natives of one State, and these were deposited inside the building, after orations, music, and the firing of salutes. The accounts of the ceremonial, traversing all parts of the Union, created great excitement, and for a while there was no doubt that a fitting monument would take the place of the structure in which these relics were deposited. Benjamin Romaine was appointed treasurer of the fund; but this never reached any considerable size, and was before long spent in keeping the place in repair. A sum appropriated by the State toward a monument was returned to the State treasury.

THE OLD MONUMENT.

Soon the vault and its contents were almost forgotten, and in altering the grade of Jackson Street the walls of the vault were disturbed. The land on which the vault was situated was in course of time sold for taxes, and purchased by Benjamin Romaine, who had himself been a prisoner of the British, and who took every possible care of the bones during his life, and who after death was interred in the same tomb, which was subse-



THE NEW MONUMENT IN WASHINGTON PARK, BROOKLYN.

THE BRITISH PRISON-SHIP MARTYRS.

quently used as a family burial vault. Mr. Romaine erected an antechamber over it, with adornments and inscriptions. Subsequently the matter was revived, Congress was petitioned, and in 1855, at a large meeting of citizens, it was resolved "that the time has arrived when the cities of New York and Brooklyn can not without criminality longer delay the necessary efforts for rearing the monument to the martyrs of the prison ships." An association was formed, a site was selected on Fort Greene, and there the matter for the time ended.

At length Mr. John Pyburn, the present Excise Commissioner, purchased the adjoining property, and spent some time in looking after and protecting this neglected tomb. The coffins in the vault stood upon their ends, and were represented to contain the bones of the martyrs of eleven of the thirteen original States, as follows: New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.

Upon each coffin was an inscription as follows, engraved on tin, and all remarkably well preserved, differing only for each State:

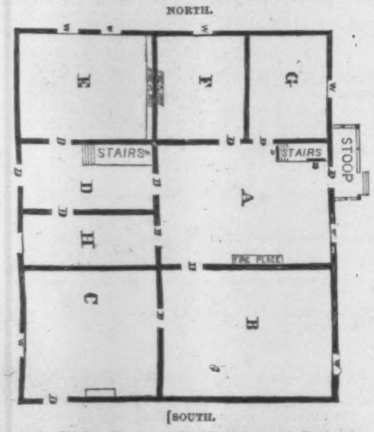
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
OUR SAILORS, SOLDIERS, AND CITIZENS,
who suffered and died on board
BRITISH PRISON SHIPS
in the Wallabout
during the American Revolution.

The question of providing a more suitable place for these remains was still agitated from time to time, and finally an act was passed by the Legislature appropriating the sum of $7500 to build a tomb on Fort Greene, now called Washington Park. With the improvement of the Park the Park Commissioners proceeded to construct the tomb, which is to form the base of an appropriate monument. The bones were a short time since removed in the most quiet manner, and they are now in a decent resting-place. Upon the front of the tomb is to be cut the inscription now upon each of the coffins.

WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

The venerable though unpretending farmhouse at Newburgh-on-the-Hudson which Washington made his head-quarters from the spring of 1782 until the middle of August, 1783, is one of the most interesting relics of the Revolution. It is a rough stone building, of exceedingly picturesque appearance, with high, steeply sloping roof, and fifty-six feet in length by forty-six in depth. A part of the structure is quite ancient for an American building, the southeast corner having been probably erected by Herman Schoneman, a German, to whom the farm on which it was constructed was patented in 1717. Schoneman sold his land to Alexander Golden and Burger Mynders, from whose hands it passed into the possession of Jonathan Hasbrouck, in 1753, who seven years later added the northeast corner. Ten years afterward the west half of the house was built, and one roof thrown over the whole. The date of these additions is derived from inscriptions cut in the walls.

NORTH.



[SOUTH.

A. Sitting-Room. E. Washington's Parlor.
B. Family Room. F. Hamilton's Bedroom.
C. Kitchen. G. Washington's Bedroom.
D. Hall. H. Store-Room.

DIAGRAM OF HEAD-QUARTERS.

While Washington occupied this house his family consisted of himself and wife and his aid-de-camp, General Alexander Hamilton, whose wife was also an occasional visitor. The large room, which is entered from the piazza on the east, known as "the room with seven doors and one window," was used as the dining and sitting room. Its present appearance is shown in our illustration on page 597. It is without plastered ceiling, and is spanned by heavy, smoothly hewn oak timbers. The old-fashioned fire-place, whose wide open chimney suggests huge back-logs and roaring fires, is in the north side of the room. The single window still gives light on the east; the seven doors afford the means of ingress and egress. On the north was Washington's bedroom, and adjoining it that occupied by Hamilton when his wife was with him—at other times his room was up stairs. The family room was on the south. It is now used to preserve and exhibit relics from the battle-fields of the Revolution, with some from the war of 1812, and also from the Mexican war. This is the oldest part of the building.

In 1850 this interesting relic of the Revolution was placed by the Legislature under the care of the trustees of the village of Newburgh, to be preserved as nearly as possible as it was at the time of its occupation by Washington. The interior had been in some respects modernized, but by direction of the trustees every part of the building was carefully restored, and on the Fourth of July the same year the place was formally dedicated. The venerable General Winfield Scott raised upon the flag-staff in front of the house an American flag bearing the inscription, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." Since the dedication the grounds surrounding the house have been improved, and the State has added, by purchase, the lot on the south, which was originally a part of the property.

UNDER-GROUND LIFE.

The Sanitary Inspectors of the Health Department of this city have commenced a good work in clearing out the vile under-ground dens —"dives," in the slang of the street—in which hundreds and thousands of the lower classes of our population herd together in filth and squalor too dreadful to be described. Mr. C. S. Reinhart, one of the artists of *Harper's Weekly*, accompanied the officers on several of their "raids," and to his pencil our readers are indebted for the graphic and faithful illustrations on page 604.

Among the places, and one of the worst of all, cleared out by the inspectors was a basement in Mott Street. The cellar was pitch-dark, and the only chance for ventilation was through the passage-way. As soon as the inspector entered, the woman who kept the place began to beg piteously for mercy and delay; but the officers were inexorable, and in a few minutes the wretched furniture was flung out into the street, and nothing but the bare walls remained. It was a most disagreeable task for the officers, who staggered out from the gloomy, reeking cellar, bending under the weight of heaps of foul rags, piles of dirty straw, and broken bedsteads that were covered with hideous vermin. The scene was horrible. Brooms, stove-pipes, bedsteads, lamps, shovels, chests, quilts, blankets, spreads, mattresses, stoves, straw hats, radishes, looking-glasses, holy pictures, soup signs, torn books, and bottles of perfume were all heaped together, and formed a disgusting barricade on the sidewalk.

In the basement of a house in Madison Street, where nightly lodgers were taken in, there were a number of bunks of very curious construction. They were turned up on one side against the wall, and were lowered by means of a swivel. The bunks were smashed to pieces and thrown out into the street, while the women were swearing, cursing, and crying. One of them had a terrible black eye. "Well, what of that?" she said; "my husband gave it to me, and there's no one has a better right than him."

A basement in Mulberry Street, labeled "Lodgings," was entirely below the level of the sidewalk, without any means of ventilation except the low, narrow passage-way, and was pervaded by a damp, cavern-like smell. This cellar was cut up in small box-like rooms, closed, with the exception of a section half the width of an ordinary door, through which the lodger might enter. These boxes were filled with berths, and were five feet in length by three and a half in breadth. When the straw ticks were pulled up, the damp, matted muck stuck to the boards, and the rotten bedclothing fell apart of its own weight. Every possible corner had a bed in it, and there was sleeping room for thirty persons.

The "landlady" of one of the basements was very indignant at the invasion of her premises by the officers, whom she informed, with an air of dignity, that she kept a "boarding-house for young ladies." She and her interesting lodgers were unceremoniously ejected, and her furniture thrown out into the street.

Horrible and disgusting as these under-ground tenements were, the occupants were loath to quit them, and in many cases had to be removed by main force. Women wept, moaned, and raved, and men blustered and threatened; but the officers were inflexible, and the wretched people were compelled to seek lodgings elsewhere. Better the open street than the noisome dens from which they were ejected.

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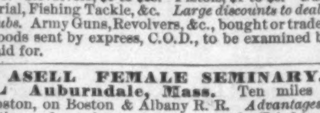

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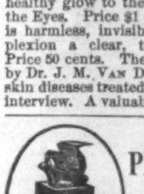

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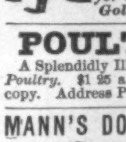
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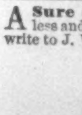
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Vol. V.

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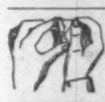
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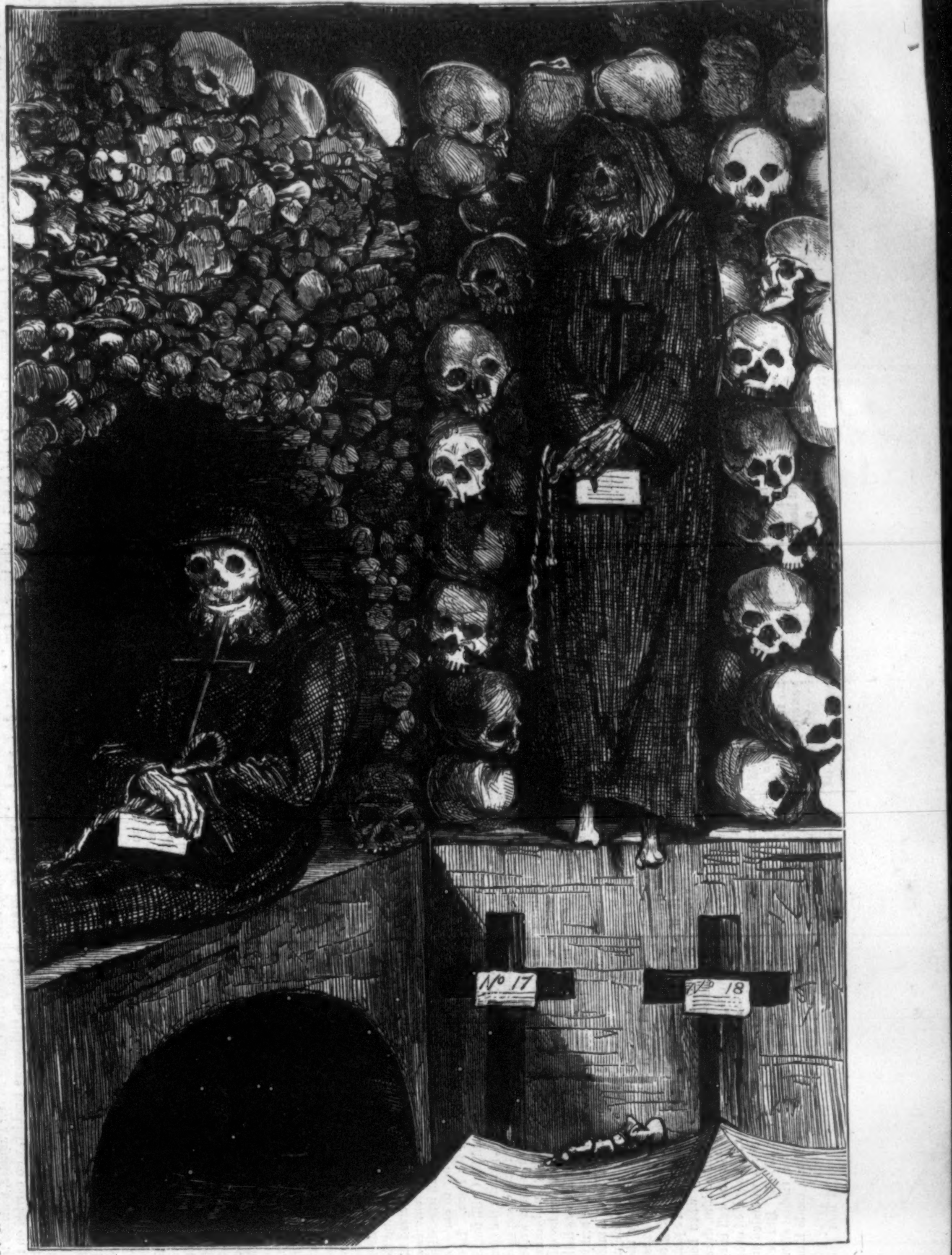
THE CENCI.

ROME—A CONTRAST.

IN these companion sketches the artist desires to point a contrast between what he styles Preserved Life and Preserved Death. People who visit Rome say that both these sights—namely, the lovely living face of BEATRICE CENCI, which is but paint and canvas, and the dry leathery anatomies of the Cappuccini mummies, which are actually bone of our bone and muscle of our muscle—that both these spectacles haunt their memories in an especial manner. The "Beatrice Cenci" is in the gallery of the Barberini Palace, and though declared by the crack critics to be but a moderate picture, is scarcely to be viewed at all on account of the crowds which perpetually surround it. Chignons are inclined at very sharp angles, and eyes are half closed in critical fashion, and imaginative visitors discover all sorts of sentiment in the face, and go home to dream about it. The portrait, which is by GUIDO, bears the crowned column of the COLONNAS, to which family it probably belonged; according to the tradition it was taken on the night before BEATRICE'S execution. Other accounts state that it was painted by GUIDO from memory after he had seen her on the scaffold. Every one knows the history of this terrible tragedy. FRANCESCO CENCI, a Roman noble, was a most profligate person, and treated his family, consisting of four sons and one daughter, with abominable cruelty. He is said to have assassinated his two elder sons. At length BEATRICE, her mother, and her two younger brothers, according to some authorities, resolved to put the monster to death, and succeeded in effecting their purpose. They had previously appealed in vain to Pope CLEMENT VIII. for justice and protection. According to other and more trustworthy authorities, BEATRICE and her relatives had no part in the assassination, which is said to have been perpetrated by some of the many enemies of the old man, who was execrated all over the country. But however this may have been, BEATRICE was accused of parricide, and after having been subjected to the most excruciating tortures, was executed on the 11th of September, 1599. Her step-mother, LUCREZIA, and her elder brother, GIACOMO, were also sentenced to death. Her younger brother's life was spared on account of his extreme youth.

The death of BEATRICE sent a thrill of horror through Rome. Many of the most illustrious families had in vain besought the Pope to spare her life, and more than one gallant gentleman came to his death in attempting her rescue. The CENCI estates were confiscated to the Romish Church, including the villa, which, under the name of the Villa Borghese, has since acquired a world-wide celebrity.

In the Piazza close by at the base of the Triton there are two booths, in one of which is a talking seal, or, as they call it, "a surprising fish which sings," while in the other a colossal child is exhibited. On the other side of the Piazza is the Church of the Capuchins. Under the church are four low vaulted chambers, which constitute the cemetery of the convent. The earth was brought from Jerusalem. The walls are covered with bones and skulls, and several skeletons are standing erect in the robes of the order. Whenever a monk dies he is buried in the oldest grave, from which the bones of the last occupant are then removed to this general *ossuarium*.



THE CAPPUCCINI.

"FOR YOU."

A HAPPY bird sang out to me,
Sang from her nest in the hawthorn-tree;
This the song she warbled to me:
"The flowers grow purple, red, and blue;
They smile from mounds and garden beds;
They lift dew-wet their radiant heads;
And one is growing there for you—
One rare sweet flower will bloom for you."

Where clusters of lilies hang
The little bird still sang,
Till the flowering bluebells rang
"The flowers grow scarlet, golden, and white;
With every breeze they lightly dance,
While from their leaves the dew-drops glance;
And one shall bloom in the golden light—
Shall bloom for you in the light."

The echo came back, "For you;"
'Twas the gay wild bird, I knew,
Still singing, "For you, for you,
The flowers are opening with colors gay;
Down in the garden such clusters grow,
Nodding merrily—oh, you'll know
Before the close of the golden day;
But I must away, away, away."

Then a ripple of song ran over
The fields of daisies and clover,
And away the wild bird flew,
Lost, lost to my view
In the depths of ether blue.
Another song I heard,
Sweeter than wild-wood bird,
A voice my whole soul stirred,
That tenderly said, "For you,
The whole of my love is for you."

A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

THE blood-red light of sunset was mirroring itself in crimson splashes in the turbid tides of the great Western river; the blackbird was sounding its sweet whistle through the old primeval forests; and Jonathan Beers, sitting by his cabin door, smoked his solitary evening pipe, and thought vaguely of the church-bells that used to ring at evening time in the far-off Eastern village where he had been born and brought up, with the roar of Penobscot Bay in his ears.

"I'd like to hear them bells once again afore I die," mused old Jonathan. "But it ain't likely I'll ever go back now."

Even while these disjointed meditations passed through his mind there was a light step on the cabin threshold, and the rustle of stiffly starched pink calico, and his niece Dorothy came to the door.

"Tea's ready, uncle dear," said she. "And I've baked a real New England corn-bread, and some ginger-snaps, such as grandmamma used to make. And see, uncle, I've sliced up the little red peaches from the tree you planted yourself on the south side of the hill. Israel Esmayne said it wouldn't grow, but it has. I mean to keep a saucerful and a little cream for Israel to-night, just to *show* him."

Old Jonathan laid down his knife and fork.

"Do you mean that Israel Esmayne is coming here to-night?"

"Yes, uncle," said Dorothy, stooping to recover a tea-spoon she had dropped—a slim tea-spoon with an antique silver shell carved on its handle—and coming up very rosy from the search. "Why not?"

"Take care, Dotty. That's all!"

"Uncle, what do you mean?"

"I mean, child, that I'd rather lay you in your grave in the new burying-ground, where there's only one mound yet in the shadow of the church spire, than to see you married to a man who drinks! That's what I mean, Dotty!"

Dorothy's head drooped over her plate.

"Uncle, that is hardly fair. Because a man had a bad habit once—"

"And has it *now!*"

The soft eyes glittered into a defiant flash.

"You are mistaken, uncle. Israel Esmayne has not touched a drop of ardent spirits in a year. He has promised me never to touch it again!"

"I hope he never will, my girl," said Jonathan Beers, although his tone betrayed no very sanguine feeling. "But it ain't a safe thing to do. It's a madness, love of liquor is, and nothing short. It's liable to break out at any time. Israel Esmayne's a good fellow enough. I hain't any thing agin him—but it ain't *safe!*"

Dorothy was silent. Why was it, she asked herself, that men were so severe in judging one another? Why did they always look at the blackest and least promising side of every thing? Israel had promised her. She believed him. And that was enough.

And while she tripped lightly back and forth about her household duties, her mind was full of the undefined future. She could see herself, shadowy and undefined as in a mirror, moving about a bright little home where flowers bloomed in the casements, and birds sang, and a clock ticked, "He is coming! he is coming!"

"One of these days!" said Dorothy to herself, as she put away the saucer of peaches and the little pitcher of thick cream on a whitely scoured pantry shelf—"one of these days!"

She was thinking of the future. And old Jonathan, smoking his pipe, was living in the past.

"You've somethin' to do with the railroad, stranger; haven't you?"

"I reckon I have," said Israel Esmayne, indifferently. "I'm switchman."

"It don't take up much of your time, I guess?"

"It's got to be looked after just the same, though," said the tall Westerner, as he lifted the last monster log from the cart he was unloading to the thrifty pile at the north end of his house.

"What time does the way train come by?"

"At nine o'clock."

"Do you suppose I could go to Mellenville and see the lumber dealers there, and get back to the station again by that time?"

Israel looked reflectively at the other shore of the river.

"Well, you *might*," said he; "but it would be a pretty tight squeeze."

"I'm a good walker," said the stranger; and as he spoke he drew a flat pocket-flask from his pocket, uncorked it with his teeth, and drank a copious draught. Israel Esmayne watched him with eager, glittering eyes, like those of some famished wild animal that scents blood.

"Have a drink, friend?" said the stranger, proffering the flask. Israel Esmayne shook his head, with set teeth and lividly pale cheek.

"I never drink," said he, hoarsely.

"You would, I guess, if you could get such stuff as this," said the man; "soft as oil and strong as fire. My father imported it. There's not much like it in the country. Taste, if you don't believe me!"

Israel stood for a moment, hesitating. Then he cast an eager glance to the right and to the left, as if half fearful lest some one should see him, and grasping at the bottle—drank!

The fevered blood mounted to his cheek; a strange sparkle came into his eyes.

"Have you got more like that?" he whispered, hoarsely, approaching his burning lips so closely to the man's ear that he involuntarily started. "More?"

"I've got another flask, but—"

"Will you leave it behind? I'll pay you a good price for it."

"What for?"

Israel's eyes fell guiltily. "In—in case of sickness, you know. We can't buy such liquor here—and it's a lonely spot."

"You're right enough there," said the man, laughing, as he drew out another flat flask, the mate to the first. "Here, take it. Pshaw, friend, put up your purse. You're welcome to it as a gift."

And he was gone, plunging through the high grass and bushes, all fringed with scarlet cardinal-flowers and nodding marigolds, before Israel could stay him.

Israel Esmayne crept back to his house, or, rather, the rude log-cabin which was a sort of hostage that one day a real *home* should rise on its foundations, holding the flat bottle close to him, and glancing round with furtive, wandering eyes.

"I needed it," he said to himself; "yes, I needed it. I didn't know how much until I tasted it. Just one more taste. It slips over one's palate like glass, so smooth, so rich, so full of strength. One more taste, and then—"

When the clock struck nine the whistle of the way train sounded faint and far off, and Israel Esmayne rose uncertainly to his feet. The subtle, burning fumes of the liquid flame had entered into his brain; the walls seemed to reel about him, the stars to swim in the great blue firmament overhead. Nothing was real—all was faint and far off and visionary. But the chains of habit are hard to shake off; and Israel had gone out at nine o'clock every night for a year. Groping his way, and walking with slow, unsteady steps, he went, still clasping the partially emptied flask to his breast in the inner pocket of his coat.

He could hear the rush of the river below; he could see the rails of the track glistening in the faint starlight; and mechanically feeling under a cluster of spice-bushes for the switch key, he knelt down and stupidly fumbled there an instant.

"The way train," he muttered to himself. "It's all right. And then the freight train—half past nine—a quarter to ten; and—"

He stooped down by the river-shore and wet his burning forehead with the cool drops he could scoop up in the hollow of his hand. He sat down on a fallen tree, and let his head fall on his palms.

"Am I—drunk?" he muttered, half aloud. "O God! have I come to *this* in spite of every thing?"

And the memory of Dorothy Beers and his sacred promise to her rose up in his mind, as one sometimes remembers promises made to the dead. In all the wild, wide, reeling, rocking world of his brain there was but one certainty. He had lost Dorothy, his soft-stepping, sweet-eyed, redeeming angel—the one in all the world who loved and trusted him most implicitly.

"I don't deserve her," he thought, scarce able to shape definite thought in his chaotic mind; "but—if I had only fallen down dead before—before I touched that accursed stuff! *She* would have believed in me then."

The fresh, cool night air on his brow was sobering him a little; the touch of the cold river-water cleared the mists of his clouded brain in some degree. He rose up, steadying himself by the slender stem of a young white-birch tree that grew close beside him, and looked around.

Hark! A clear whistle, half a mile away, cleaving the silence like the call of some sweet-throated bird.

It was the express, whose plume of lurid smoke spanned half a continent—the long serpent-like train, glittering with lights, and carrying a great eye of fire in front, which nightly thundered over the line of rails, and shot like a meteor out of sight into the hush and silence of the woods, Westward bound.

The way train passed at nine, making a brief stoppage at Hurstley station beyond, a mere wooden shed with a platform on either side. Half an hour afterward a slow and heavy freight-train followed it, running off on a side track toward the river-shore until the express should have safely passed. And it was the special business of Israel Esmayne to set the switch for the freight, and subsequently replace it for the hurrying express.

Had he done this?

With an awful doubt poisoning his heart, he pressed his hands to his temples and tried to think. He had been there—he could recall just how the dewy rails looked, wet and glistening in the starlight. He had had the switch key in his hand—that he could also remember. But was that before or after the freight had switched off? He could not remember whether the freight had passed or not. He did not know whether he had locked the switches twice or once, or, good Heavens! not at all. The past was a swaying vacuum, the future strange and dream-like. He closed his eyes, he pressed his temples as if either hand had been a vise of iron, in the wild agonizing effort to recall the last half hour.

"O God!" he groaned aloud, as he threw himself on his face in the wet grass, "am I going mad?"

Something hard struck against his breast-bone as he flung himself down: it was the fatal flask. He tore it out, half full of dark red poison, and dashed it passionately into the bushes. It was that—*that* that had done all the mischief.

"O Heavenly Father!" he cried aloud, in his great anguish, "if it please Thee to avert from me this awful crime of murder done a thousandfold—and naught but one of Thy miracles can avert it now—I swear before Thy pavement of stars to touch that devil's broth no more! O God, hear me! O Christ, save me!"

The earth beneath his groveling breast thrilled and quivered as the express train flew over the rails, and Israel Esmayne held his breath, momentarily expecting the awful crash which should stain his soul with the eternal brand of Cain.

Hush! An owl hooting afar off in the woods, the cry of some sad-voiced night-bird overhead, and then—another whistle, clear and cheery. The express had passed through Hurstley—passed through safe and sound! And Israel Esmayne, staggering to his feet, gazed around him an instant, clutching vaguely at the air, and then fell unconscious.

"Uncle, he is coming to. Oh, uncle, I knew—I *knew* that he was not dead!"

And the soft eyes of Dorothy Beers were the first thing Israel Esmayne saw as his soul came out of the world of shadows and oblivion, with old Jonathan leaning on his cane just beyond.

"Tell me, Dotty," he gasped. "How was it? The—the switches?"

"It was my girl did it," said the old man. "She come by, and she heard the freight a-whistlin', and she see the switches wasn't right, nor no signal, nor nothin'. 'Something's happened,' says my girl. 'Israel's been took ill, or dead,' says she. And there lay the key in the middle of the track, and she catches it up, and she unlocks the switches—you showed her how to do it yourself, Esmayne, one summer arternoon—and she hangs up the white lantern. And there she stands, with her heart a-beatin' fit to choke her, till the freight gets off. And she calls to one of the brakemen, 'Set these ere right for the express,' says she. 'Quick! or there may be a thousand lives lost.' 'Where's the switch-tender?' says he. 'God only knows!' says my Dotty. And so she comes back arter me. 'Uncle,' she says, all white and tremblin' like, 'come with me.' 'What for?' says I. 'To look for Israel,' says she. 'I don't sleep this night,' says my Dotty, 'till we've found him!'"

"God bless her!" cried out Esmayne, in a choked voice. "God be thanked for all His mercies!"

"Was it a fit?" said the old man, curiously. "How did it come on?"

But Israel Esmayne spoke no word on the subject, either then or ever. He married Dorothy Beers in the spring, and he has sacredly kept his vow. If he lives to be a hundred years old, he will still keep it. And Dotty, though she never knew it, had redeemed him.

RUSTIC PLEASURES.

A COUNTRY walk! For simplicity and intensity of pleasure what can excel a country walk? One finds this chiefly realized, even yet, in the neighborhood of country towns. Villages and country "seats" are made up of country walks, and in great cities such pleasures as that of a "walk in the fields" are almost out of the question. Midway between these experiences lies the country-town experience, and near a country town you may meet, on all its sides, young people, often freely mixed with seniors, on their way to some wood or dingle for an afternoon's enjoyment of the breeze and the shade and the sunshine. Railway stations do not always destroy the picturesqueness of the ramble, nor interfere with its pleasurableness. Great alterations they effect, but alterations are sometimes improvements, even in other than the merely utilitarian interests which prompt them. Railways do certainly modify the country walk, and diminish the number of available spots near quiet towns for walks to centre round. I used to know a wild and tangled lane leading to an almost equally wild and tangled wood, near a country town, unknown in those days to railway coaches, or any other more stirring traffic than the weary tramp of gypsy feet, and the occasional passage of an adventurous tumbrel, axle-deep in mingled water and stiff clay mud. How the horses used to labor on, the dog-rose and blackberry-bush boughs vexing their eyes and scratching their flanks, and how deep the knees used to go down into the ruts and pools, I remember as if it were yesterday. A railway has destroyed all that now, and the lane is a good hard macadamized road. The nuts and nut trees are no longer to be found in what used to be the big wood. Fritillaries, "orange tips," and "red admirals," no longer in such unusual abundance as when a boy that I knew something about spent summer half-holidays there, with a butterfly net and some biscuits, frequent the place. It is still used "for a walk," but more in memory of old times than for its rustic pleasantness, so sadly now diminished. The last time I sat there I could have wept warm tears of reminiscence, surprise, grief, and I know not what besides, in this place that knew me no more, that had forgotten so evidently my butterfly net, and its own mossy trees and leafy covers. But my tears fell inward, checked by a screaming engine, a rattling wagonette, and various other signs of life and lawful progress. The country walk is not so much in my present view, however, as the rustic pleasures that belong to residence in really country hamlets, villages, and districts. It is pleasant to see them from the tops of high embankments in all their picturesque and charming variety, but it is far pleasanter, notwithstanding the disenchantments of experience, to live in the midst of them. It is no small matter—though an abrupt descent from high embankments of sentiment to the lower level of eating and drinking is to be and is apologized for—to be quite sure of the new-laidness of the white-shelled or haply brown-shelled egg that graces the breakfast-table. It is well to be sure of the contents of the raised and decorated pork-pie that invites you to the luncheon-board. The spring chickens, the tiny spare-rib, and a few other such dinner dainties are all the better and the sweeter for not being accompanied by any disquieting misgivings on the part of the eater as to what made them so plump and full. And as for the cream that completes the cup of tea and coffee, you are more satisfied for knowing that it is not milk going by the name of cream, and that the new milk has not been twice or even once skimmed before it finds its way to the table. Against this is to be set off the difficulty of getting fresh fish in a country village, but that is not so rare an accomplishment of the managing partner in the matrimonial firm as it used to be. And rustic pleasures are not, or they would scarcely be worth so jubilant a strain of appreciative joy, composed of epicurean gratification. To go down of a morning to your assembled household, and to read your letters with the music of the birds as an accompaniment, is something which stirs the heart to melody that can not well be uttered aloud. The very whetting of the scythe, that is not yet wholly superseded by more costly and more convenient machines, has a kind of music in its sound, and if not in its sound, in its multiform suggestiveness of smooth grass, soft surface, and pleasant marchings up and down, children in hand.

LADY TRAVELERS.

IT is well known that the excellent St. Louis, King of France, in 1250 had an earnest desire to convert the whole world to Christianity, and for this end sent two monks into Tartary. After many months' dreary march over the steppes of the Don, they reached the capital of Gengis-Khan, and found the first female traveler of whom we have any authentic account. Established in this distant spot was a young woman of twenty-five, calling herself Paquette, married to a Parisian, Guillaume Buchier, who carried on the business of goldsmith at the court of the Tartar emperor. In those days, when books were not written with the detail of our present time, the history of her adventures can only be slightly traced. She had been captured in war by the Hungarians, and passed from one encampment to another to the very heart of Mongolia. Her delight was great when she saw the monks, and she at once undertook the office of interpreter for them. When they returned, her great desire was to accompany them; but meeting with serious opposition, she was obliged to relinquish the hope of revisiting her native country. In the days when a journey from Paris to Strasburg was looked upon as almost impracticable, the woman who had traversed two thousand leagues over the most barbarous countries deserves a special mention.

A much more extraordinary traveler will be found in the nun Monja Alferez, whose romantic adventures, published in an old Spanish volume, would scarcely be believed were they not confirmed by other documents. Having been placed in a Dominican convent, she escaped in the dress of a man, when fifteen years old, and entering the service of a gentleman as his page, traversed the greater part of Spain, meeting with adventures as amusing as those of Gil Blas. But an irresistible desire for more distant travel led her to embark, in 1603, on a flotilla destined for Peru. Here she enlisted in the army destined for Chili, fought bravely against the Araucanians, gaining the rank of standard-bearer, and afterward that of captain. A sad incident stopped her course for a while, for she had the misfortune to kill her own brother without knowing him. After this she shut herself up in a convent again. But such a life was little suited to her taste. She again joined the army, and fought in many distant parts of South America, which the Spaniards were desirous of subjugating. Once she was taken prisoner by the Dutch, and when released returned to Cuzco, where a new adventure awaited her. Being at a gaming-table, her neighbor, an arrogant Spaniard, abstracted some of her money when her eyes were turned away. She detected him, drew her sword, and attacked him. He was well covered by his cuirass, so that her blows glided over him without injury, while she was wounded in the breast, and fell, bathed in blood. But reuniting her failing powers, she rose, rushed after the culprit, and, as the soldiers said, made him swallow her sword. He was dead. Appealing to the bishop for protection, she told him her

secret, and he remitted her once more to the convent of St. Claire.

Longing for new adventures, she obtained permission to return to Spain, bade adieu to her companions, and following the course of the Rio Magdalena, embarked at Carthagena, and landed at Cadiz in 1624. Her reputation had preceded her, and every one wished to see so remarkable a woman. Going to Madrid, she was presented to Count Olivarez, and followed in the suit of the Count de Javier, who was going to Rome for the Jubilee. She crossed through France, but in Piedmont was thrown into prison as a spy, and when her liberty was restored it was only on condition that she should return to Spain. In the deepest destitution, she retraced her way on foot, and was obliged to beg. While endeavoring to see the king she was attacked by brigands; but at length the Marquis de Montes-Claros presented her at the court of Madrid, when she obtained a pension, a recognition of her title of standard-bearer, and permission to wear men's clothes.

Still determined to reach Rome, she embarked, and landed at Genoa, when she again got into difficulties through a quarrel with an Italian soldier; but at length she had the honor of kissing the foot of Urban VIII. He listened to her story with interest, and she was soon surrounded by a circle of the nobility, who received her with pleasure. She was then nearly forty years of age. Little is known of her after, though some say she made another voyage to America, and died when about sixty. She was very tall, and manly in appearance, with strongly marked but plain features, and her whole air was resolute and soldier-like.

In the town of Châtillon was born, in 1727, one of the most courageous men of science, M. Commerson. He began by making long botanic excursions in the Alps and Pyrenees, setting out alone, almost without money or provisions, returning ill, wounded by falls, and worn out with his long rambles. One day he was caught like Absalom by his hair, and remained suspended over a torrent; nothing could be done but to tear off his scalp, and fall into the river at the risk of his life. This was the prelude: afterward he joined Bougainville in his long voyages of discovery, and rendered great services to the science of natural history. His servant, Baret, who had often assisted him, entreated that he might accompany the party, as his greatest desire was to see distant lands. As he knew something of botany, Commerson agreed to the proposal, quite ignorant of the fact that he was taking a woman. She had always worn men's clothes, was very intelligent, and about twenty-six. The sailors even were deceived. She followed her master in all his excursions in the midst of the streams and icy mountains round the Strait of Magellan, and during these painful marches carried provisions, arms, and portfolios of plants with a strength and courage which often gained for her the title of a beast of burden.

It was reserved for savages to discover her true character. M. Commerson landed in Tahiti to carry on his studies, giving his books, as usual, to Baret, who was following, when the natives surrounded her, crying out that she was a woman; and the tumult was so great that she had to be protected back to the ship. There, with her eyes full of tears, she confessed that it was true: being an orphan, poverty had made her disguise herself for protection, and her anxiety to travel had led her to embark in this ship. She always behaved with the utmost propriety, and remained with her master till he died, in the Isle of France, where she afterward married a soldier. Returning to Europe, she died at Châtillon, and, from a feeling of reverence and veneration for M. Commerson, she left all she possessed to the heirs of the celebrated botanist.

A SOUTH AFRICAN ADVENTURE.

It was on the afternoon of one of the hottest days of an African summer that I left my farm to ascend the Draakensburg Mountains for the purpose of finding, if possible, an eland—a species of antelope—to replenish my larder for the coming Christmas. I was at the time living alone in a glen formed by two spurs of the mountain, with but few neighbors, and no town within fifty miles, but, as my Caffres had become sufficiently civilized to understand that Christmas-time meant unlimited eating, I wished, by providing game, to save an ox. I had only five or six miles to go, and was well mounted, so I did not hurry, but, leading my horse up the steep pass, reached the place where I intended to sleep just as the sun was setting.

The scene around, though quite different from our ideas of what it should be in December, was very beautiful. There was no snow; no leafless trees with their delicate tracery set off by the glistening hoar-frost, nor dark green firs bending under their white load; but still there was enough to keep me standing, forgetful of fire-wood and all I had to do for my comfort during the night.

I was on a narrow ledge of rock, separated from the net-work of hills beyond by a deep perpendicular gorge, at the bottom of which, so far down that I could hardly distinguish it, ran a little burn. The setting sun gave the peaks that rich purple hue seldom seen away from heather; and on the other side, as far as the eye could reach, lay the thorn-covered flats and hills of Natal.

Under the rock was a large cave, where I had determined to sleep. It had in olden times been a regular resort of the Bushmen, but few came near it now; indeed, I had not known they came at all, but, on going in, I found some calabashes, and the ashes of a newly made fire, which could have been only left by them. There were other marks on the walls, though evidently of great antiquity: rude sketches and drawings of horses, cattle, bows and arrows, and even of a Bushman riding. It is most curious that a race so low down in the scale of humanity that their language only contains a few words made up of unpronounceable clicks, and who, with the exception of the use of fire, in their mode of life differ but little from the ape, should have learned to do this. It may be that it is a remnant of an old sign language, or the last relic of some former civilization. It was a full moon, and after admiring the wonderful lights and shadows thrown by it on the broken ground, I turned in and slept till near daylight.

As soon as I could see I started to hunt. Much to my annoyance at the time, though I had afterward cause to be thankful that my horse was spared such a gallop as riding down an eland entails, I could find nothing, and could tell by the spoors that no herd had been about for some days. It was nearly noon before I became convinced of this; and, tempted by the shade of a line of tree-ferns edging a little brook whose bubble sounded refreshingly amidst the great heat, I took my saddle off, knee-haltered Prince, and lay down. Of course I soon dozed off, but became awake again in about a couple of hours: I say "became awake," because it was not the natural rousing up of a person who has been asleep, but a sudden return to consciousness, without any movement, and with all my wits about me, and that inward feeling, which perhaps some of my readers may have experienced, of something being wrong, and a tension of all the powers of hearing to discover what it is. I had not long to wait: whiz came a tiny arrow, striking the stone on which my head had been resting, and where my cap still was. It did not require much thinking to know that a Bushman's hand held the bow it had come from, nor to determine that the safest thing to do was to roll quietly into the bed of the little brook below me. Luckily this would afford good shelter, and I could almost reach the edge with my hand.

The tremendous violence with which these streams come down from the hills during the heavy thunder-storms wears a deep passage even in the hardest ground, and though there was only about an inch of water, and it was not a yard broad, the banks were to the full four feet high. Leaving my cap where it was, I rolled over as quietly as I could; but just as I was disappearing another arrow came and struck me in the thigh, the only part not yet in safety. It took all my self-control to continue my movements as before until I stood crouching at the bottom. "Why," the reader may exclaim, "the pain of such a tiny arrow could not be very great." No, neither is the bite of a snake in itself, yet of the two the latter is the least to be dreaded. It was, of course, poisoned with that deadly skill for which the whole tribe is famous; and as I stood below I knew I had little chance of seeing another sunrise.

However, with that self-help that men who lead a solitary life acquire, I instantly drew my hunting knife, ripped up the trowsers, and with a steady hand cut out the arrow-head, not sparing myself. I then took my flask, and poured powder into the wound, and gently striking a match, set fire to it. That done, I took off my belt, and using my full force, strapped it a little above as tight as it would go.

I do not think that in doing all this I had any hope of saving my life; there was only a sort of feeling that I was doing my duty. The pain was not very great, and my chief thought was for vengeance on the malignant creature that I looked upon as my murderer. I rightly imagined he was not aware of his success. No doubt he thought he had missed me, and that I was still lying asleep: in proof of which I soon heard the whiz of another arrow striking above. Moving down about a yard to where the overhanging ferns would conceal me, I quietly raised my head: the ground was slightly rising, and I could see around for some distance. There was my horse unconsciously grazing away, but the grass was too long for me to see my enemy's whereabouts. I, however, guessed that he would try and get between us, and so I waited, watching and grasping my rifle.

Ten minutes passed in silence, and then I fancied that the grass was moving unnaturally. In another second a hand and bow appeared; I heard a little twang, and saw the tiny messenger of death again pierce the spot where I had been. I kept myself from firing, though I covered the place. Surely he would become impatient, and give me a better chance. Another ten minutes, and suddenly, in a different spot, which commanded a better view of my cap, a little black head peered over the grass. It was enough; and as I fired a shrill shriek and a spasmodic spring into the air told me that I had nothing more to fear.

Getting out as quickly as possible, I dragged myself—for the limb was now much swollen, and becoming more and more painful—to my saddle, where I carried in a little bottle some *eau de luce* for snake bites, and poured out a large dose. After drinking it I caught my horse, saddled it, and picking up two of the arrows, went to have a look at the dead Bushman. He was scarcely over four feet high, with arms so long and thin as to reach deformity, short and bow-kneed legs supporting a little round body—he had evidently not been starving lately—and features so closely resembling those of an intelligent ape that, had there been a tail, no one would have thought twice about the matter. I did not remain long; there was no time to lose; so, taking his bow, I mounted, and putting the horse at his best pace, started on my long ride. I knew perfectly well that the only chance, such as it was, of saving my life depended on my reaching Ladysmith that night, and obtaining medical assistance. The distance was fully sixty miles, and, with but one exception, there were nothing but Dutch Boers' houses on the road, whence I could not hope for any help. For the first twenty miles I kept steadily on my way, though the agony was dreadful, and I could hardly sit my horse. I then reached an Englishman's farm, pulled up, told my story, and asked for spirits to keep my strength up, and the loan of a fresh horse. I shall not easily forget his wife's scared look as she came out and saw me by the light of her flickering candle. I suppose I must have seemed half mad. They brought me out a full bottle of whisky and a tumbler, which I filled and drank off neat; but they had not got a horse "up;" they were, he said, all running, and it would take hours to find them. So I started again. I do not remember much more of that wild moon-lit ride; I became drowsy and half delirious, just retaining sense enough to go straight. How I did it I do not know, as for the greater part of the way there was no road, and even in daylight and with nothing the matter I should have hesitated in more than one place. However, Providence or instinct guided me right, and, as I was afterward told—for I remember nothing about it—I reached the town at 1 A. M., just eleven hours after I had left. I had finished the whisky on the road, and it was to that the doctor ascribed my ultimate recovery. For nine days I was in a high fever and delirious, and it was more than six weeks before I got up, and for years afterward the wound did not heal. Even to the present day it occasionally bursts out afresh, and will probably continue to do so to the end of my existence.

SCANDAL.

Readers who are familiar (and who is not?) with Pope's *Rape of the Lock* will recall, as they study the admirable engraving on our double page, the celebrated lines from the third canto of that charming society epic, describing a favorite resort of the titled beaux and belles of the period:

"Close by those meads, forever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
Here British statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home:
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

"Thither the heroes and the nymphs resort
To taste a while the pleasures of a court.
In various talk the instructive hours they passed—
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes:
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff or the fan supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that."

Mr. G. A. Storey, the painter of this admirable work, lays the scene of his picture in an old-fashioned wainscoted room, where a party of both sexes, in costumes of a century ago, have assembled for tea and tattle. Several of the visitors are grouped about the coquettish invalid lady of the house, who takes a languid interest in the latest bits of gossip kindly brought for her entertainment. The reputations of dear friends are evidently the favorite topics on all hands, except with the humble poor relation who officiates at the tea-table, and by the clergyman of the parish, who, on entering with his wife, raises his hand in too indulgent admonition. As a faithful portrait of the social manners of the time the picture is worthy of close attention and study. Manners and morals had not yet recovered from the debasing influence of the corrupt courts of Charles II. and his brother James, from which the nation was saved only by the sturdy, inborn morality of the people, brought out and developed to its highest point by the spirit and the institutions of Protestant liberty.

DEBIT AND CREDIT.

It was a crime once, a grave and heinous offense, to owe money. Sacred and profane history combine to teach us that lesson. The Mosaic law had been mild in its treatment of the unfortunate debtor. Did he mortgage his few acres of vineyard, his silvery olives, and green fig-trees, his little patch of wheat, or the field of millet, the inconvenience he might sustain from foreclosure was but a temporary one. The sacred jubilee would soon come round, and then the scrap of sequestered ground must be restored. Was it his cloak that he had pawned to the Mordecai of the *fripier's* shop, close under the carven porch of mighty Barzillel, the trader—of Barzillel, who had a thousand camels plying between the Holy City and heathen, ox-worshiping Egypt, and whose humblest jackal and lion's provider, Mordecai, son of Laul, was understood to be—the poor borrower must have his mantle, his heavy Arab haick of striped wool, returned to him before the hot sun of a Syrian day gave place to the frosty chill of a Syrian night; and this because the Lawgiver had been careful, more than a thousand years before, of the health of the needy. But Greeks, under the descendants of Alexander's conquering captains, came into Palestine. And after Greeks came Romans. The civil law, the stern spirit of which was old when Justinian composed his pandects, was in its crude immaturity thrust upon the fanatic, money-getting, perfervid people of Judæa. It fared very ill with the debtor then. Prison, slavery, the sale of wife and children, were, as we learn from Holy Writ, the doom of the defaulter. The great rich men of the warring sects, the stiff, sour Pharisees, the cold, fashionable Sadducees, cultured Hebrew gentlemen who would have been Grecian philosophers if they had not chanced to be born Jews, were in no danger of arrest; the mere vulgar suffered. It was of no use to allege the ancient ordinances of Moses, for the troubles of the debtor somehow were not of the nature that could rouse an angry mob of fire-eyed enthusiasts to fling away their lives on the spears of the legionaries. Debit and credit were in those days words of terrible significance. Rome, hard in her dealings with all persons of dependent position, was not very merciful to the debtor. The spirit of classic civilization was not lenient toward those who could not pay. From the Athenian citizen tugging at the oar of somebody's galley in acquittance of a debt for which the just men of Athens had adjudged the temporary services of one freeman to another, down to the time when Otho's despairing cry for civil war was prompted by the thought that he might as well be destroyed by his enemies in the field as by his creditors in the city, the same harsh reading of the statutes held good. Our Gothic ancestors were from the very first extremely severe against the insolvent. Pay, pay, was the cry of those antique German legislators whom Tacitus belauded as some of our honorable gentlemen applaud the Maori and the Chinaman; and any thing in old Germany and older Scandinavia might be atoned for by money. To kill a prince cost a heavy wehrgeld. To make boot for an earl or thane was an expensive luxury. The murder of a plain freeman was costly, when gauged by the value of gold. Slaves could be killed as cheaply as pigs or oxen nowadays. The burning of a house or barn cost this or that. The same compendious tariff took in every shade and variety of outrage, and a Teutonic police magistrate of the time would simply have produced his price-list and drawn up his bill for presentation to the dashing young gentleman who stood at the bar taxed with two or three breaches of the Decalogue. Those who could not pay, the debtors hopelessly on the debit side of the book, found but scant mercy in Rome, small pity among the hardy tribes pressing on the northwestern frontiers of the great, soft, ruinous empire. To sell a Roman citizen as a slave in Rome was of course illegal; nay, so stoutly had the tribunes fought for the popular liberties that when Augustus wore such modest purple as he ventured to don, the old thumb-screws and dungeons for backsliding debtors were almost as much out of date as in the America of the nineteenth century.

MISUSE OF WORDS.

It is amusing, if not something pitiable, to see how a simple English word, the word *either*, is systematically misunderstood and misapplied. The real meaning of the word is, "one or the other;" just as, in a negative sense, *neither* signifies "not one nor the other." Shakspeare, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, uses both words correctly:

"Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flattered; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him."

From a strange freak the term "either" has been very commonly employed to signify each of two, or both. For example, "there stood a pillar on either side of the gateway;" or, "they were seated on either side of the fire-place;" or, to take two examples from Lord Lytton's last novel—"A pleasant greensward bordered it on either side;" "the mouth singularly beautiful, with a dimple on either side"—the meaning in each case being "both sides"—or, to go a peg lower in the literary scale, and quote from the comic song of the *Bear-skin Coat:*

"Fine pockets, large and wide,
Stood out from either side."

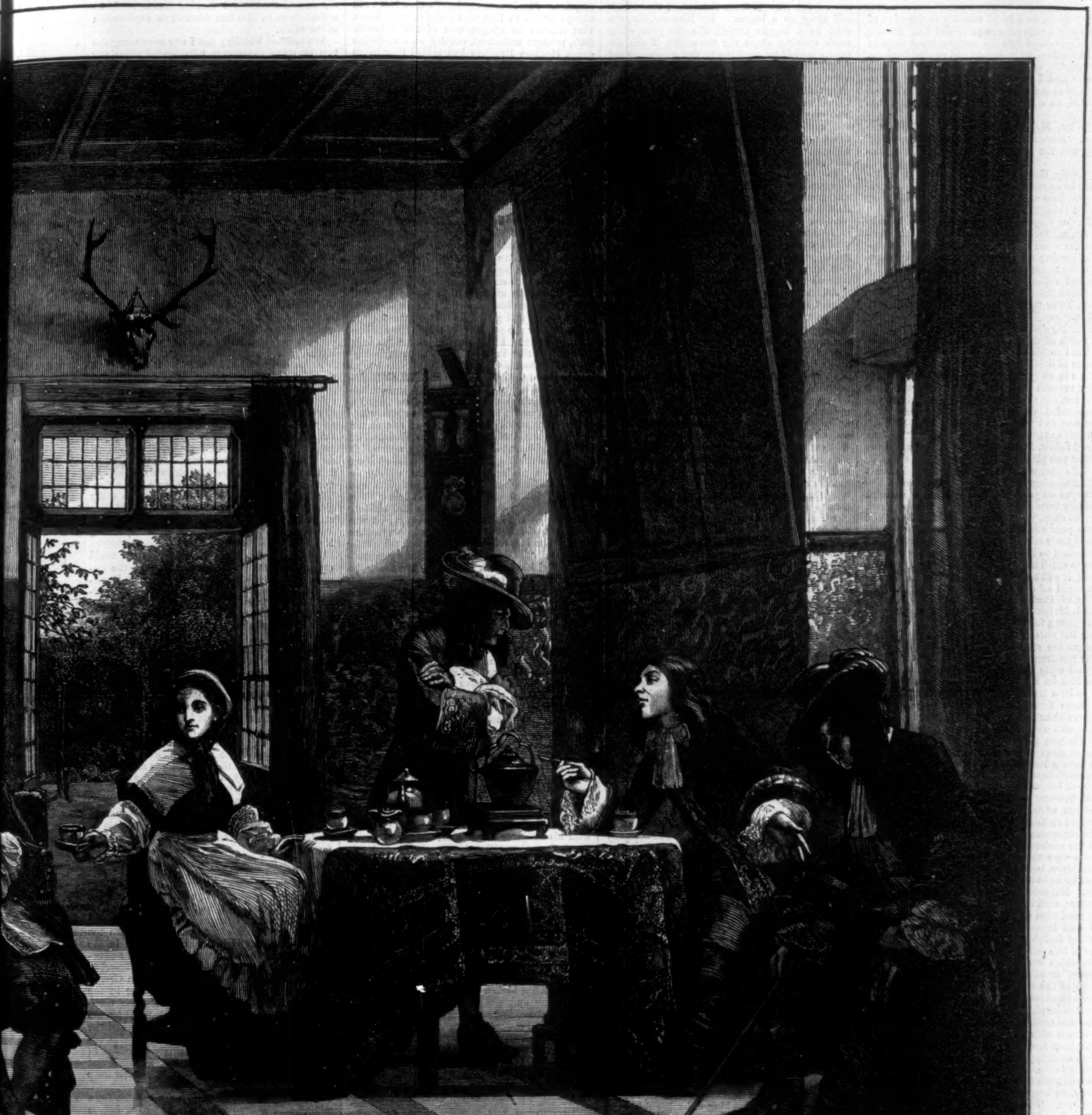
This misuse of "either" is not new. The error occurs several times in the authorized version of the New Testament. Two instances may be given. "They crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one," St. John, xix. 18. "On either side of the river was there the tree of life," Rev., xxii. 2. It says little for the scholarship of the translators that they should have perpetuated this abuse of our vernacular, and sanctioned an error so inveterate as to be now almost past correction. Perhaps sound has had something to do with the improper use of "either." Consisting of two syllables, it may be considered to be more fluent and elegant than the little word "each"—in which way sound is probably preferred to sense. Fashion, however, can not be permitted to alter the plain meaning of the English language, and we are glad that, according to newspaper report, the correct definition of "either" was lately vindicated in a suit in Chancery. We give the matter briefly as it is related. "A certain testator left property, the disposition of which was affected by 'the death of either' of two persons. One learned counsel contended that the word 'either' meant both; in support of this view he quoted Richardson, Webster, Chaucer, Dryden, Southey, the history of the Crucifixion, and a passage from Revelation. The learned judge suggested that there was an old song in the *Beggar's Opera*, known to all, which took the opposite view:

'How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!'

In pronouncing judgment the judge dissented entirely from the argument of the learned counsel. 'Either' meant one of two, and did not mean 'both.' Though occasionally, by poets and some other writers, the word was employed to signify 'both,' it did not in this case before the court."

We might present other instances of the inveterate misuse of words, but content ourselves with drawing attention to one of daily occurrence. We refer to the word *none*, which is simply a contraction of "no one," or "not one," and is accordingly to be used in application to only one thing. Instead, however, of speaking of it in the singular, as "none is," or "not one is," or "not one was," it is almost constantly pluralized, writers saying "none are," or "none were." They might just as well say "no one were," which they would hardly think of doing.

SCANDAL.—From the Painting by G. A. Storey, the R



EY, THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 611.]

THE LAST OF THE PROSERPINE.

I.

"HILLOA! mister," exclaimed a husky voice in my ear; "jest help me to a cigar-light, will you—this coon has lost his fusees."

My reverie, as I stood moodily at the edge of the rickety landing-stage at Grand Gulf, kicking over maple chips into the coffee-colored flood of the Mississippi, as it seethed and swirled beneath, was roughly interrupted by this unceremonious address, and I turned, perhaps with some impatience of manner, toward the speaker. The recognition, as our eyes met, was instant and mutual.

"Why, Mainwaring, you here—of all locations! Nothing new—no counter-orders, eh?" Such was the greeting of my former acquaintance.

"Surely, Gregg," I returned, with a smile, "I might be as much astonished to the full at meeting you here as you could possibly be at seeing me. I thought you were in China."

Mr. (or Captain) Gregg laughed a little awkwardly, as he seated himself on a log that had rolled from the wood pile that stood ready for the supply of passing steamers, and bade the negro porter who carried his slender baggage set down the bag and valise at his feet. "Yes, I ought to have been there. Gospel true that, mister. But—you know my old enemy, the bosom serpent, as I may say," he continued, in a tone that was half jesting and half apologetic—"in fact, I did too much of this;" and he lifted the hollow of his hand to his lips, and went through the pantomime of drinking.

"I am sorry for it," said I, gently; "for a better seaman seldom trod a plank, and if it were not for that unlucky habit to which you have alluded, you would have found the berth a good one, and your employers kind and liberal."

Gregg's manner changed at once. "You are a good fellow, Mainwaring," he said, "and I am—what you please. I tried to swagger out of it, but I do assure you I felt more ashamed of myself for abusing your kindness as I did, when first I set eyes on you here, than I have done since I ran away from school, up yonder in Rhode Island. Yes, old chap, you helped to pay for my outfit, and it was your recommendation that got me made second mate of yonder three-master, and I was a blackguard to kick over the traces, after you had done so much to help me out of the mire. Never mind; it will be all one a hundred years hence."

A word of explanation as to the relative positions of Paul Merrion Gregg and of myself, Alfred Mainwaring. The former was one of those young fellows, clever, audacious, well educated, but not overburdened by scruples, of whom so many are sent forth from the populous hives of the Northern Atlantic States. Of his parentage and early history I knew little; but, from hints that he sometimes let drop, I conjectured him to be a truant member of a respectable and well-to-do family in his native place. Good manners he had done his best to discard; but his ability was undoubted, and his courage no less so. He had thrice risen to the command of small vessels employed in the coasting trade, and had been a New Orleans pilot, mate, and afterward captain of more than one Mississippi steamer, book-keeper in a store, bar-keeper at a great hotel, overseer of a plantation, and engineer of a Mexican mine, all of which situations he had forfeited through sheer misconduct.

Intemperance, willful disobedience of orders, and the unchecked whimsicality of his capricious nature were the chief faults of this born Bohemian, since, lax as were his principles, he had never, so far as I knew, been taxed with actual dishonesty. But these drawbacks were too heavy to be got over, even in the case of a man of such dauntless resolution and readiness as Gregg possessed. My own introduction to him was on this wise. Having foolishly ventured, through the promptings of idle curiosity, into one of those gambling dens which are the disgrace of New Orleans, a "muss," or affray, had been got up by the hangers-on of the establishment, for the purpose of hustling and robbing the English stranger who declined to be plundered by the more pacific means of marked cards and loaded dice. Beset by bullies armed with slung-shot and sharp knives, it would have fared but ill with me but for my finding an unexpected ally in Gregg, who came chivalrously to the rescue, and, thanks to whose experience in such brawls, I escaped with only a few bruises, as keepsakes by which to remember the adventure. This good turn I had done my best, when opportunity served, to repay.

As for myself, Alfred Mainwaring, I was at that time six-and-twenty years of age, and probably Gregg's junior by a twelvemonth. I had been four years in America, and had spent two of them in the counting-house of a respectable and wealthy mercantile firm at Memphis, some hundreds of miles higher up the Mississippi. The house was known as that of Harman Brothers, but there was in reality but one member of it who bore that name, the sole interest having lapsed to Mr. Anthony Harman, nephew of the original heads of the firm, and himself an elderly man, and a widower with one child. This was a daughter, Alice Harman, who returned from completing her education at an English school about a year after I first entered into her father's employ. And then—and then it was the old story, where two young people, thrown much into one another's society, and with many tastes and sympathies in common, find acquaintance ripen into friendship, and friendship warm into love, almost before those principally concerned are aware of the transition. Mr. Harman was not a very vigilant parent, and never threw the slightest obstacle in the way of my intimacy with Miss Harman, nor did he notice the preference which she accorded me; but when I ventured to ask his consent to our engagement, the anger and irritation that he showed would have done credit to some hard-hearted father of the days of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances.

"Marry Alice!" he exclaimed, angrily. "A daughter of mine, and the heiress of Harman Brothers, whose signature is as good as bank paper on the New Orleans Exchange, throw herself away on a beggar! By Heavens, Sir, she shall be a beggar herself, like the poor white trash starving about the townships, if she demeans herself by speaking to you again—to my clerk, Sir. What's that you say, Sir, about being a gentleman?—as if I were to blame for your effete old British customs of primogeniture, or that the acres have gone to your eldest brother. You may go back to England, Mr. Mainwaring, and call yourself a gentleman, but you are a mean white here; and I find I've been cherishing a viper beside my hearth, in fostering you beneath this roof of mine."

For this unwarrantable language, wrung from him at the first outbreak of his wrath, Mr. Harman presently made some apology; but that we should be friends henceforth, or that I should continue to be his clerk, was clearly impossible. Oddly enough, the old man, his first anger spent, would willingly have retained me with him, on condition, of course, that I should renounce, and that Alice should forget, what he was pleased to style my absurd pretensions.

All this had taken place three months previously, and I had left Memphis with a heavy heart and scanty hopes to cheer me in the future. The memory of Alice's tearful adieu haunted me none the less sadly because I had so little reason to deem that the course of our true-love would ever falsify the proverb by running smoothly. I was poor, and had no particular prospects of bettering my position. Some pittance, almost too small to be thought worthy the attention of a Chancellor of the Exchequer levying income tax, I had over and above my earnings; but that was all, for I was one of several cadets of a numerous family sent out to push our fortunes as best we might; while the old hall of weather-stained red brick, and the old trees in what was called the park, and the mortgaged acres, had passed to our elder brother, who had sundry olive-branches of his own to provide for.

I had almost forgotten the presence of my not overreputable acquaintance, Captain Gregg, when I found myself opposite to him as I walked slowly to and fro, and observed that his eyes were fixed on me with rather a singular expression. It was early as yet in the day; but he had evidently been drinking a good deal; and, curiously enough, the repeated doses of alcohol which he had swallowed seemed to have at length produced the effect of steadying his nerves. His hand no longer shook, and the unwholesome flush on his bronzed cheek had passed away.

"Going up river, are you not?" he asked, abruptly. "I see the steamer rounding the point yonder—the *Empire City*, by her colors—a fine boat, and sure to have a band on board of her."

"No," I answered; "my way lies down stream; I take the first steamer for New Orleans, and, if I am not mistaken, they are signaling her now."

An exclamation of mingled pain and anger, half curse, half moan, broke from Gregg's lips as I spoke, and then he jumped up from the log on which he had been seated, and took one or two hasty strides backward and forward on the quay. "No, no! hang it, no!" I heard him mutter to himself, as he passed me. "If it had been any other living soul, I'd have cared no more than for the empty shuck of a cotton-pod; but this is too much to stand." He grew calmer after a moment or two, and then came up and laid his muscular brown hand on my sleeve. "Mainwaring," he said, "I'll take it kind of you if you will go back into the town to the hotel, or any where, and put off your sailing till the afternoon. The *Sunflower* comes by at about two, or three at latest, and—"

"But why," said I, interrupting his hesitating speech, "am I to wait till then? or what earthly benefit, Gregg, could I confer upon yourself by simply upsetting all my arrangements, and arriving several hours later than is necessary? If you can give me any reason—"

"Ah," rejoined my nautical acquaintance, insensibly resuming his old, quaint recklessness of manner and diction, "that's jest what I can't do. There's a saying I have heard among Texan trappers, that a nod's as good as a wink to a blind mustang."

I could not help laughing at having this scrap of ancestral philosophy presented to me in trans-atlantic garb; and as I contemplated Gregg, whose momentary embarrassment seemed to be at an end, I conjectured that—unless, indeed, he were the agent of an opposition packet company—his objection to my pursuing my southward journey by the first available boat was the mere whim of a liquor-soddened brain. Presently, up came the steamer. She was heavily laden, and deep in the water; but even with the advantage of the Mississippi current, her progress was not very swift, and there were but few passengers visible, though this, during the hottest month of summer, was not surprising in a boat going South. The steamer was gaudily painted, and was further embellished with a splendid figure-head, bright with gold-leaf and color, and her funnels and awning and flags were of the newest and most brilliant; but I thought that her engines worked slowly, and that there was something lumbering and clumsy in her way of getting through the water.

"Do you know that boat?" I asked of Gregg.

"The *Proserpine*," he replied, half sullenly, half defiantly, as I fancied.

"The *Proserpine!*" I answered, incredulously. "Surely not! Why, she was an old boat, worn out, and given up as incurable and useless. Who in his senses would have dragged her out of dock again, and furbished her up? It seems as bad as painting some venerable grandmother into the semblance of a girl of sixteen."

"She belongs now to Harman Brothers," said Gregg, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

I heard this announcement with the utmost surprise. My former employer's firm had been always averse to that wild game of speculation that reaches its apogee west of the Atlantic. Safe, prudent traffickers, content with moderate gains, Harman Brothers had prided themselves on their avoidance of gambling investments and adventurous hazards. They had held their own by adherence to their own old system, while colossal fortunes had grown and collapsed all around them. And now Mr. Anthony Harman was, if my informant spoke truly, the owner of so rickety a craft as the superannuated *Proserpine*, and had freighted her with a heavy, and no doubt a costly cargo.

"I only hope," said I, half jokingly, "that the captain does not match the boat?"

"I command the *Proserpine*," retorted Gregg, with a strange look in his haggard eyes, a strange ring in his hoarse voice.

I started as this declaration reached my ears. There was something very odd about the whole transaction. Here was a vessel which, to my knowledge, had been laid aside as unfit for service, pressed into activity once more, and bedizened like some antique bride whose Honiton lace and orange blossoms contrast painfully with the wrinkles and grizzled locks of the wearer. She was now the property, of all people, of Harman Brothers! I was about to take my passage in her, and that in spite of the apparently motiveless dissuasions of the very man who was to be her captain. Mr. Harman must have strangely altered, I bethought me, when he intrusts valuable possessions to the care of Paul Merrion Gregg, and to the frail planks of the *Proserpine*.

The boat now came panting up; and as the bell rang, and the porters and stevedores, white and black, began to thrust out planks, over which the neat white kegs bearing the brand of some Northern manufacturer of biscuits, whisky, or conserve of apples, the hams, sugar-casks, and logs of wood, might be carried on board, there was somewhat more of bustle than had hitherto prevailed on the somewhat lonely quay. I was in the act of stepping across the gangway, when Gregg, who had followed me, touched me on the shoulder. "Mainwaring," he said, very earnestly, "I feel kinder soft toward the one man who has never turned his back yet on a scampish never-do-well like P. M. G.—toward the friend who has striven to save me from ruin. Keep clear of this ship. Ask no questions, but wait for the next vessel; and never blab, when it's over, that I advised you as I have done."

For an instant I hesitated. Gregg's words were an enigma to me, but there was something in his tone that impressed me in spite of myself, and I might, perhaps, have retired, had not a pert boat clerk, with a strong nasal accent, at this instant exclaimed, "Wa'all, stranger, are you for New Orleans, or are you not? Faint heart, I guess, never won fair lady; but if you don't make your mind up pretty slick, the paddles will save you the trouble." Half mechanically, I went on board. Gregg brushed past me. The planks were withdrawn, and off we went, on our way down stream.

What was my amazement when, among the groups of passengers on the lofty hurricane-deck of the steamer, I recognized old Mr. Harman, with his daughter beside him! The old man, a stately figure yet, tall and erect, and scrupulously well dressed, reddened as he caught sight of me, and, with a cold bow, turned away, leading Alice with him toward another part of the deck. My own gaze had been riveted on the face that I loved best of all in the world, and I had noticed that a bright involuntary gleam of joy had crossed it as our eyes met, to be clouded the instant after, as, dropping her eyes and averting her head, she allowed her father to conduct her from the neighborhood of the spot where I stood.

I was allowed to dream away my time as I listed. Alice looked very beautiful, I thought, but sadder and more womanly than before—I thought paler, too. She was very silent, and never looked toward me, nor did her father, who conversed with, as it appeared to me, more than usual volubility, with some fellow-travelers who knew him. I could not help fancying that Mr. Harman's seemingly high spirits were no index to his real state of mind, and the same might be said of Gregg, who was full of boastfulness and merriment, but who carefully avoided catching my eye.

Late in the afternoon, a mulatto waiter brought me a crumpled letter, ill-folded and hastily written, but heedfully sealed with black wax, "from Massa Cap'n Gregg." It contained merely these words: "Do you remember a passage in a French book you lent me, where a coon got a note with this in it: 'Fly—fly—fly!' three times repeated? He didn't take the hint—more fool he! The boat stops at Vidalia, and there is a good inn there.—P. M. G."

II.

The receipt of the curt but forcible letter which Gregg had thought proper to send to me left me in a state of perplexity which lasted long. The urgent and renewed appeals to me, on the part of the commander of the *Proserpine*, to renounce my intention of going on with her to New Orleans might indeed be due to the mere whim of a man half crazed by drink; but then, on the other hand, the advice might be good and sound. Gregg wished me well; of that I felt assured. I had served him, and he was grateful for such slight kindness as it had been in my power to render to one worse off than myself. Why was he so evidently anxious that I should leave the vessel? Was it that he knew of some peril personal to myself, which would be avoided were I to take my passage down the river by another boat? and if so, why was he not more explicit in stating it? It was plain that the newly appointed skipper of the steamer would not, or could not, speak out frankly to apprise me of the reasons for his enigmatical hints and obvious uneasiness, and therefore I decided that it would be useless to go to him and demand an explanation of the affair.

We reached Vidalia; but I was not among the two or three passengers who landed there, nor did Gregg attempt to renew his warning. To all appearance, he did not even keep watch to see whether I should or not comply with his oracular advice, doing his duty with great vigilance and steadiness, and, frequent as were his visits to the drinking-bar, betraying no sign of intoxication. That he was an excellent sailor, and well used to the river, I knew; and in case his sobriety did not fail him, I saw little risk of accident, whether from snag, sawyer, or sand-bank. Well steered, the boat kept her course smoothly enough; and if I fancied that her old timbers strained and creaked too much under the impetus of the machinery, there was still nothing to cause alarm. The *Proserpine* was a very large boat. Her stowage was considerable; and when I praised the lavish use of decoration, the gilding, painting, mirrors, marbles, and velvet of her freshly adorned saloons, Lysander, the sub-steward, told me that the best of what was on board was in the hold. "French goods dey are—all belong Massa Harman—seventy—ninety—hundred thousand dollar!" he declared, rolling his opal eyes with all an African's enjoyment of the imposing sum total.

As the day wore on, I could not but remark that an unusual activity prevailed in the engine-room. The deck hands were constantly at work in carrying down fresh loads of wood to feed the fires, the hoarse roar and ruddy glare of which told that the furnace-heat must be very considerable. Once and again the head engineer came up the ladder to exchange a few words, in a subdued tone, as if of respectful remonstrance, with Gregg; but after each of these interviews the efforts to get up a fuller head of steam were redoubled. The aged vessel groaned and shivered in every timber as the machinery worked faster and faster, and the wash occasioned by our rapid passage increased, until we seemed to be chased by a long line of tawny billows.

Still, none of the passengers, so far as I could see, evinced the smallest anxiety as to the unnecessary speed of the steamer. When I ventured to remark to one fellow-voyager, a bearded Missourian, who stood beside me, looking across at the deep woods on one bank and the trim plantations on the other shore, lying level and dim behind the protecting "levee," that the engines were working dangerously fast, considering the age of the boat and the approaching darkness, he carelessly made answer, "Guess we'll be all the sooner at New Orleens, squire. Let her rip!" And with this proverbial expression of social philosophy, he turned away. On we went, while night crept in upon us, and from the swampy shore and the mud flats of the river there arose a dense white mist, that mingled with the long gray Spanish moss which hung in fantastic pendants, like the hoary beards and streaming hair of an army of giants, from the primeval trees of the Louisiana shore. The long sad cry of the whip-poor-will was quickly answered by the whoop of the owl and the whirring wings of the bats, while the shrill and mournful howls of wild animals arose at intervals from the tangled forest.

Seldom before, in a life that had not been wholly unadventurous, had I felt the same dull sense of a shapeless peril near at hand, against which it behooved me to guard. And yet what risk could there be, unless from the reckless hurry with which the fire was heaped with fuel, and the steamer forced along; and I had been too often in Mississippi boats madly racing in the struggle to be the first at some given point of arrival, to apprehend much danger on that score, if only no collision should occur. Captain Gregg, who still avoided me, was unremitting in the discharge of his duty, and the *Proserpine* dashed on, under careful steering, unharmed by the floating timber that here and there specked the surface of the flood, or the more formidable obstruction of the sunken trees, firmly imbedded in the mud of the shallows, and whose jagged and spear-like heads protruding from the water have proved fatal to many a craft.

"Hist! just stop where you are, master, for a minit," said a deep voice, lowered to a hoarse whisper, in my ear: "don't pay attention now, but keep still, and I'll be back in a jiffy. The skipper has eyes like a cat's."

The voice and the words alike sounded strangely to me, but two or three of the firemen and deck hands were passing near me at the time, staggering under their burdens of fuel to replenish the greedy fires below, and one of them must have been the speaker. Mechanically complying with the advice of my unknown friend, I remained quietly where I was, feigning unconsciousness, and, leaning on the bulwark, continued to watch the evening stars peeping, with their tremulous lustre, through the shimmering haze, and the cold gleam of the white moonlight on the turbid river. The captain, who had been standing at no great distance from me, soon moved away, and in another minute a stealthy figure came creeping among the bales and hen-coops, as a lizard crawls among the stones, and stood at my side. By the dim light I could see that he was one of the crew, a wiry little man, with crisp gray hair curling under his tattered straw hat, but who had an unmistakable air of seamanhood about him, in spite of his dirty jacket of butternut-colored homespun.

"All right, Sir. Mr. Alfred, my eyes are better nor yours, old as I am," said the intruder, very cautiously, "or else, which is likely, your face is less altered than that of Sam Kentish—"

Kentish! Sam Kentish! the name, long for-

gotten, had once been very familiar to me, and the mention of it brought back the confused memories of things and persons and places in the dim past.

"You ain't forgotten me?" rejoined the old fellow, in a tone of reproach. "I taught you to row and to steer, and to reef a sail when half a capful was blowin', fresh in from southwest-by-west, off the Needles yonder, aboard his honor's yacht."

"On board my uncle's yacht," said I, eagerly. "Of course I remember you now, Sam; and I am glad to see an old friend again; but how on earth—"

"How did I come to be here?" interrupted the seaman; "and how, too, did I come to be the broken-down, old, worthless waister I am? Well, it is a long story, master, and I've neither time nor taste to spin much of a yarn. I went to the bad, never mind why, and that's the long and the short of it, lost my character as a yacht's blue-jacket, shipped foreign, knocked about for years in the China seas and off the Guinea coast —no matter where, so as rum was plenty and wages high—then was a man-o'-war's-man, and got my three dozen for drunkenness and desertion; and next came down to coasters in the Antilles, and then to this. My own fault, partly, I dare say; but never mind that now. Your uncle, his honor the general, had a sort of regard for me, you may remember, Sir—"

"And you deserved it, I am sure, Sam," I answered, kindly, as I looked down on the wreck of what had once been as fine a sailor as ever hauled at a rope, and who had seemed to me when, as a boy, I had had the occasional treat of a cruise in my uncle's small yacht, a perfect treasury of accomplishments.

"I think I did, Sir," said Sam, shaking his head sorrowfully; "but the blackguard must have been precious strong in me all the time, or it isn't here I'd end my days, among a parcel of raffs that don't know stem from stern. Well, Mr. Alfred, I didn't come here to whimper, but to say a word in season to the nephew of my kind old master, his honor. There's worse nor me aboard; another chap of the same kidney, but twice as bad."

"You mean Gregg, the captain?" said I, as my heart beat fast and thickly.

"Ay, ay!" returned the seaman, in studiously low tones; "I mean him, and no other. I've sailed with him, and I know the stuff he's made of, and when he means mischief. He means it now; I can read it in his eye, plain as print; and— Hark ye, mister—do you think it was wood we carried down last to feed the fires?"

"I suppose so," returned I, in surprise.

"No, Sir," said Sam, dryly; "it was a load of hams, prime Kentuck, and as fat bacon as ever came out of Tennessee. The fires are that hot the stokers hardly dare open the iron doors, and the engines are straining, so that two niggers keep throwing water to cool the bearings. That's not all, for, besides the loafing lubbers we carry for deck hands, there are six sea-faring men—two former shipmates of mine among 'em—chaps better known than trusted—and their orders are to keep together, and be ready to man a boat."

"To man a boat?" said I, greatly perplexed.

"Yes," answered Sam Kentish, with an impatient jerk of the head, as if my dullness annoyed him, "that boat up yonder to starboard swinging in the tackles. Right as a trivet she is, with the oars in her, and quite clear of poultry and lumber. The other two boats," he added, in a whisper, "are littered with coops and awnings and what not, and, what's more, the plugs are out!"

"The plugs out!" said I, hardly able to believe my ears: "for what purpose?"

"Ax no questions, Mr. Alfred," replied my informant. "I only know this—one of the sailors whispered to me, he did: 'Old Sam, you've been my shipmate, so I'll tell you this: keep your weather-eye open, and in case of any thing happening'—he didn't say what—'jump into the starboard boat, and be cockswain.' I give the office to you—for old days' sake, Mr. Alfred."

"But Gregg?" returned I, bewildered.

"Gregg would not leave much of the roof on my skull if he guessed what I've been saying," rejoined the old man. "Now I must go about my duty; but hark ye, Mr. Alfred, if you think what I tell you all moonshine, and that we are cracking on for no reason, just"—dropping his voice—"go and look at the steam-gauge!" And he was gone.

I stood for a few moments with my brain in a perfect whirl of conflicting thoughts. The repeated warnings which I had received, the ominous signs that mischief of some kind was brewing, which had attended my voyage in the *Proserpine*, crowded in upon me with a force that compelled conviction. Gregg was a bold and unscrupulous man, as I well knew, and it might well be that his designs were of a nature to harmonize with his own character; but then what could be his object in this instance? and why had Mr. Harman been so strangely imprudent as to confide his valuable property, to say nothing of himself and his only child, to such a vessel, commanded by such a captain? To explain these incongruities seemed hopeless.

"Whereabouts are we?" I asked of one of the crew, just relieved from his spell of work as helmsman.

"Half-way between Natchez and the Grande Coupée," he made answer. "The light you see on the west bank is Three Island Point, and we shall sight Calumet Island and St. Anthony village in half an hour or less, at our rate of going; that's about it, mister."

I went down to the cabin, and consulted a chart of the Mississippi, on a large scale, that hung on the paneled wall. Yes, there were the places named; while between the Point and Calumet Island a jagged line of dots indicated the Banc des Moines, a dangerous shoal, the scene of many a catastrophe, and which had gained its name, tradition averred, from the drowning of a boat-load of missionary monks in the reign of Louis XIV.

I quitted the cabin and hurried at once to examine the steam-gauge; but it had been broken, "by accident," as a scowling boatman in a red shirt gruffly assured me. No doubt it had been deemed expedient to prevent that useful register of the pressure at which the steam was applied from being readily accessible to prying eyes. My next care was to visit the boats. That to starboard was, as Sam had correctly stated, in perfect order, the oars shipped, and ready for instant use. The others were littered with miscellaneous objects, huddled together with seeming carelessness; and by the dim light I found it no easy matter to verify the information which had been given me. At last, however, by groping with my ungloved hand among the rubbish, I succeeded in ascertaining that the old sailor had told the truth. *The plugs were out.* My worst suspicions were thus confirmed. I was face to face with base, cruel treachery, and all our lives hung, as it were, by a thread. A tumult of feelings assailed me, and I grew hot and cold by turns, as the cruel truth forced itself upon me; but it was no unmanly fear that I experienced. The thought of my own peril was all but swallowed up in my anxiety for her whom I loved so well. Alice in danger of what I knew not—Alice on board this ill-omened vessel, under the guidance of such an unprincipled dare-devil as Captain Gregg! I could now fathom this man's eagerness to prevent me from embarking. Doubtless, some caprice of gratitude toward myself had made him reluctant that I should be involved in the general doom, whatever it might be, of the unlucky voyagers on board the *Proserpine*.

Yet, with the weight of this apprehension upon me, I found it hard indeed to decide on the proper course to pursue. Should I go frankly to Mr. Harman, apprise him of the character of his captain, state the whole train of suspicious circumstances, and demand an immediate inquiry into Gregg's conduct? There was every chance that the old merchant would misconstrue my motives, and refuse to credit my assertions. Would it be better to assemble the more able-bodied of the male passengers, reveal all I knew, and, if necessary, take forcible possession of the ship? Had I been alone, I might have adopted this alternative, hazardous as it was; but I shrank from the idea of exposing Alice to unnecessary risk, and I well knew that if I denounced Gregg openly, bloodshed, in that wild region, was certain to follow, to whichever side victory might incline. The perfidious captain of the steamer was brave enough, and the desperadoes whom he had purposely mingled among the crew would of course sustain their leader, while I could not say what auxiliaries might at any moment paddle forth from creek or bay to co-operate in the plunder of the richly laden vessel. The Mississippi pirates had been sorely thinned by the rough-and-ready justice of Regulators' Courts, but there was still existing in the decaying townships of the Cotton States a residuum of scoundrelism ripe for any violence that promised great gains quickly made.

To speak to Gregg himself would possibly be the wisest plan. The man's heart was not, as I fancied, entirely hardened, and I thought that I had that morning observed signs of his being secretly averse to the evil work in which he was engaged. If his blood were once up, he would probably cast all scruples of conscience to the winds; but it was perhaps not wholly hopeless to appeal quietly to his better feelings. And yet should I fail, I should very likely have precipitated the very misfortunes against which I sought to guard. What was that dark figure standing beside the helmsman?—Gregg himself; and surely this must be the chief engineer again coming from the neighborhood of his fires to confer with the steamer's commander. Half unconsciously, I drew near, and my ears caught the last words, spoken imperatively, and as if to put an end to the discussion, with which Gregg dismissed his subordinate: "Old woman's nonsense, Mr. Beale, I tell you. Crack on!"

"It's off my shoulders, anyhow," muttered the engineer beneath his clinched teeth, as he passed me; and the furious force with which the huge engines drove us along, making the old craft reel and tremble at every giant pulsation, furnished an eloquent commentary to his words. Gregg now stooped, and gave some orders to the helmsman, speaking in a low voice. "Ay, ay, Sir," answered the man. Gregg turned, and I caught a glimpse of his pale, fearfully resolute face. His mouth looked as firmly set as if the lips had been of steel, and there was a wicked gleam in his eyes. So intent was he in looking out into the night, that he did not observe my approach until I was quite close to him. Then indeed he started, and as our eyes met he seemed to divine my thoughts.

"You clear out!" he said, with suppressed fierceness, that boded no good, and thrusting his hand as he spoke into the breast of his coat. "I gave you your choice, Britisher! What! You've been spying, have you? Better keep a quiet tongue, for fear I should be tempted to remember the old proverb, Dead men tell no tales." And I heard the quick, low clicking of a pistol's lock as he glared upon me.

"Broken water, forward there!" sang out the voice of the look-out man at the bow. "Breakers ahead!" "Reverse the engines!" "Stop her, for Heaven's sake!" "We are on the Moines!" cried half a dozen of the terror-stricken passengers, whom the sultry heat of the saloons had tempted to remain on the breezy deck. I looked eagerly out, and could plainly see the long curved line of white foam ahead of us.

"Down helm!" thundered Gregg; and the scared steersman obeyed the fatal order, the execution of which was followed by an outcry of half-incredulous horror and dismay from the affrighted passengers as on we went, rushing upon the reef at the full speed of our maddened course. An instant more, and with a crash and a shock that threw most of us from our feet, the steamer grounded on the shoal, heeling over as she did so, while spars, side rails, and paddle-boxes cracked and splintered like reeds in a whirlwind. The screams of women, the oaths and outcries of men, made the scene a very babel of confusion.

Conspicuous among a group of passengers on the hurricane-deck were Mr. Harman and his daughter, the latter of whom, in evident terror, clung to her father's arm. I sprang toward her, difficult as it was to tread the slippery slope of the deck, over which the waves of the Mississippi now broke, as if the wrecked vessel had been but a dam exposed to the fury of the current. The clamors that reached my ears as I made my way onward were significant enough.

"She's going down." "The ship's settling in the water." "She's stove in, fore and aft." "The boats—the boats!"

"This way, this way!" exclaimed I, offering my hand to Alice as she stumbled in the effort to traverse the reeling deck. "Pardon me, Mr. Harman, but this is no time for ceremony." The old merchant angrily repulsed me. "We need none of your assistance, Sir," he said, in a high, harsh voice. "Miss Harman is with her father, and requires no other protector. Let me pass, Sir." And he pressed on, supporting Alice, who seemed half fainting, and approached the place where the starboard boat was being lowered over the steamer's side by half a dozen stalwart fellows of unmistakably salt-water aspect. Several of the crew, with a number of the frightened passengers, now tried to crowd into the boat, the rather that the steamer rolled beneath us, and careened as if going down bodily. Gregg, who seemed quite cool, drove them back again. The other boats, he said, would be manned and lowered immediately.

Courage and self-assertion seldom fail in a moment of supreme danger to enforce submission, and the mob of terrified creatures made a rush in the direction of the other boats, which had been willfully rendered useless, while Gregg and his confederates profited by the opportunity to lower away the starboard cutter, into which they quickly sprang, while Mr. Harman and his daughter were hurried over the side. "Now, Sir!" whispered old Sam, as he nimbly swung himself into the stern-sheets, and, unbidden, grasped the tiller-ropes. "Alfred! Alfred!" cried Alice, breaking silence for the first time, and looking up at me with her innocent eyes dilated by terror, as she was placed in the boat, "come with us."

"Push off!" ordered Gregg, as the foaming water broke over the gunwale, and the men grasped their oars: "we've room for no more."

But by this time the fact that the other boats were unserviceable had been discovered, and the crowd of passengers, firemen, and deck hands came rushing wildly to the side, eagerly imploring the captain to save them. The shrieks, prayers, and entreaties of the females mingled with passionate exclamations of the men, several of whom did not hesitate to accuse the commander of the *Proserpine* of treachery. Gregg, however, mocked at all entreaties, and pushed off. I was now violently flung forward, and found myself struggling for life in the frothing, tumbling water, the centre, so it seemed, of a chaotic mass of torn wood-work and rent iron, of splintered beams, miscellaneous rubbish, empty casks, loose oars, and whatever was light enough to float; while mixed with the wreck were human forms, some clinging to pieces of timber, some hopelessly entangled in the ruins of what had been the shapely vessel. I knew by the destruction around me that the *Proserpine* had burst her boiler, and that death in its ghastliest shapes was busy with all around.

It was a dreadful moment, crowding as it did into its brief compass sights and sounds of horror. Bruised and all but stunned by the blows of the pieces of wood-work which drifted against me as I swam, I twice incurred more imminent risk, as I felt the clutch of some drowning wretch tighten upon me, and threaten to drag me down. But the grasp relaxed, and I found myself in open water, and could draw breath again, and look around. A sad and terrible spectacle it was on which the wan white moon looked down. There were the breakers chafing on the shoal, the broad stretch of turbid river, the confused mass of the wreck, whence proceeded moans and cries that grew gradually more feeble, as victim after victim sank beneath the rushing water. What was that, full in the silvery track of the moonlight? A boat, surely, bottom upward, and near it, clinging to a half-submerged oar, a slender figure, just visible. I thought I recognized the light-colored muslin dress that Alice wore, as it floated up to the surface; and without an instant's delay I struck out for the spot. I am a strong swimmer, but it was all that I could do, by straining every nerve, to make head against the force of the stream, and it was by extreme exertion that at last, spent and breathless, I reached the sinking girl and drew her toward the boat. My hand slipped from its hold the first time as I tried to grasp the keel, but a second effort succeeded, and then I felt that we were safe.

"You are not hurt?" asked I, eagerly, as I assisted Alice to obtain a firm hold of the drifting boat. "Not hurt? But what is this?" I continued, in alarm, for the blood was trickling freely from the soft white wrist that I grasped.

"It is nothing," she answered, earnestly; "a mere scratch. But, Alfred, my father, my poor father, he, I fear, is badly injured, for I heard his voice calling for help as if in pain, as I was washed away."

At this instant I felt firm ground beneath my feet, and, to my great joy, I perceived that the boat had floated into shallow water on the verge of the shoal. We scrambled as best we could upon the sloping shelf of the sand-bank, where the boat stuck fast, while the swift current flowed, frothing and bubbling, down the channel beyond. We were now in comparative security; but I had not the heart to refuse the piteous entreaties of Alice that I would save her father; and bidding her keep up her courage, and enjoining her on no account to allow the boat to be drifted off into the stream, I plunged again into the seething water, and made for the wreck. Well did I know that I was risking my own life to save that of one who had no claim on me; but the thoughts of Alice in her grief nerved my arm, and after a hard struggle I reached the place where the shattered fragments of the *Proserpine* were yet beating on the bar.

"Wa'all done, mister," said a harsh voice, that of the gaunt Missourian to whom I had previously confided my apprehensions as to the result of the steamer's headlong speed. "You're in the nick of time to bear a hand. The nigger and me have done what we could to rig up a raft and save one or two of the poor wounded critters, but we're most wore out, bein' no swimmers, at that."

And true enough, I found that the speaker, aided by my friend Lysander, had contrived to lash together four or five hen-coops and pieces of light wood, on which were supported the helpless forms of three of the wounded passengers. One of these, apparently in a dying state, was a woman, but the other two were men, and I at once knew one of the two to be old Mr. Harman. As I bent over him, he muttered, feebly, "Leave me—let me die —I deserve—" And then ceased to speak.

In a few hurried words I explained to the Missourian the position of the boat, and where I had left Alice. To pilot the frail raft to that part of the shoal would be a work of much difficulty and danger, yet it offered our best chance of safety. Accordingly, we pushed boldly off into the stream, and after a long and arduous struggle succeeded in touching shore near the point where Alice stood. The combined strength of the Missourian, of the mulatto, and myself just sufficed to right the boat; and then, as we were lifting in the ghastly load of the poor wounded, a strange faintness came over me; there was a buzzing in my ears, as if I had been in the centre of a swarm of bees, and I sank helplessly down at the bottom of the boat. When I regained my senses, it was broad daylight; I was lying on a mattress in a mean room, the raftered roof and wattled walls of which told that I was in the dwelling of some settler in that wild region; while beside me, with my wrist clasped in the professional gripe of his bony fingers, stood the tall Missourian, looking down upon me with a friendly smile.

"I'm a doctor, colonel," he said, good-naturedly, "although I dare say you never guessed it. I grant you that Cyrus Cass, M.D., in his red shirt and buffler boots, don't look a gen-teel practitioner; but for splicing a broken bone or heeling a knife wound, I fancy this coon could hold his own with surgeons that wouldn't drink a brandy-smash in his company. I kinder take to you, youngster. You saved all our lives, but you got a nasty knock or two in doing it, and I was 'most 'fraid I'd have to trepan you yesterday; but your head must be plaguy hard, and that's the fact."

I smiled feebly at this ambiguous compliment, and, lifting my hand to my head, which felt heavy, and hung listlessly back on the rude pillow stuffed with maize straw, I was surprised to find that my brows were enveloped in a bandage.

"Twar a bit of floating rail," the doctor explained, "that hit you thar just on the temple, and you were bleeding smart when you set foot on the sand-bank; but somehow, in the flurry and heat of the business, you seemed to feel nothing until we were right with the boat. Then off you went slick away in the death-swound, and I believe the poor young lady thought you were cleared off creation, she took on so, pretty thing."

"You mean Alice—Miss Harman," I said, anxiously. "Is she—"

"Make your mind easy; she's all right," said the rough but kindly surgeon; "'tis but an hour ago she said to me, 'Yes, doctor, but are you sure he'll live?'—meaning you, squire; and when I answered there was no fear, if you'll believe me, she took my hand and kissed it, she was that pleased!" And the Missourian raised his large brown paw and contemplated it with a sort of wonder, as if the connection of ideas between his weather-beaten digits and a tender young lady was too inscrutable for the human intellect.

"But her father—Mr. Harman?" I faltered out.

The good doctor was manifestly embarrassed. He felt my pulse again, and then blurted out, "Dead, Mr. Mainwaring. He was cruelly hurt, and 'twas a mercy for him to cease to suffer. The poor lady we picked up is dead too. There's but four alive out of the wreck yonder—you, me, Miss Alice, and the nigger Lysander. The third wounded person we brought ashore, though you didn't know it, war the captain."

"What! Gregg?" exclaimed I, raising myself on my elbow.

The surgeon nodded. "Yes, that villain, Paul Merrion Gregg. He just lived long enough—a gashly sight he was, with every rib crushed in—to confess. Mr. Harman made a confession too."

And the doctor placed before my eyes a sheet of paper, on which were traced, in feeble characters, such as a dying man's hand might pen, but in the well-known handwriting of my former employer: "Too late—ask—forgive—treat Alice well—my full consent—when her husband—make restitution—goods—insured—fraud—the *Proserpine*—save—good name." That was all.

"To cut a long story short," said the surgeon, kindly, seeing my bewilderment, "Mr. Harman, who was, you know, as proud as Lucifer, was in pecuniary difficulties, and saw no honest way out of them. By ill luck he fell in with Gregg, and